

A MODERN DREAMER

EDMUND MARCH VITTUM



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A MODERN DREAMER

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BY
EDMUND MARCH VITTUM

"Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed."



THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON CHICAGO

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THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON

AUG 13 1920

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TO

Miss Eva March Tappan

KIN AND KIND, AND KIND, AT WHOSE SUGGESTION
THESE THOUGHTS WERE PREPARED
FOR PUBLICATION

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APOLOGY

A MODERN DREAMER

CHAPTER I

APOLOGY

Is there room for dreams? The world is crowded, but is there not still unoccupied some manger for meditation? Is there not in this modern life of activity and accomplishment space left for a little sentiment, even though it be touched with a bit of old-fashioned fancy? Is there not some corner in the shadow of the skyscrapers where the Mystic may rest and look beyond the dust and smoke to a far-away estate which is neither taxed nor mortgaged nor advertised?

Discarded machinery is sold for junk and thrown upon the scrap heap. In a western town one may often see half a dozen farmers working at one of those piles, trying to find odd pieces which will enable them, at small expense, to patch and mend, and perhaps make their plows and planters, their mowers and harvesters, last another season. When Truth becomes ineffective it is "junked," and called *facts*. You may see

philosophers, theologians, scholars, artists, authors, scientists, kings and politicians working at the pile, trying to find something for bolstering up their decayed theories, rusting systems, outworn creeds, and exhausted methods, which may thus possibly be made to endure another lustrum. What are they doing? They will tell you they are practicing the Inductive Method, and that it is the only way to learn. It is the only way to learn, but it is not the only way to *live*. "What he sees, I know," said the Philosopher, pitying the Mystic. "What he knows, I see," the Mystic responded.

This age is frankly and aggressively utilitarian. We could not change it if we would; and who would? But dreams are utilitarian. "Behold the Dreamer cometh," which being interpreted means, "A brain is unchained." "Where there is no vision the people perish." While it is true that many visions have not been realized, it is also true that nothing great and noble has been accomplished in this world without vision. Young men shall see visions, and old men shall dream dreams. It is the promise upon which rests the hope of the world.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

—*Browning.*

WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM

CHAPTER II

WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM

The Worker was weary. His brain had grown sluggish, his tired eyes were irked by little things; he heard a call from the hilltops, and another voice, soft and gentle, yet penetrating and commanding, saying, "Come apart into a desert place and rest awhile." So he went into the wilderness, seeking for a new Dream. At midday he rested upon the summit of Sandwich Dome, where the sun is bright and the breeze cool, where every point of the compass rose reveals a different landscape—each view one of nature's masterpieces. There he found his Dream, and thus he told his dream.

I lay upon the green grass among the blossoms on a hillside north of Lake Galilee. Lo! the winter had passed, the rain was over and gone, the flowers appeared upon the earth, the time for the singing of birds had come, the voice of the turtle-dove was heard in the land. Around me, reclining upon the same fragrant couch, were the disciples of Jesus whose names are familiar in the Gospel story. A gentle southern breeze crept up

from the distant desert, and all around was a soft haze, bringing that indefinable atmosphere of inactivity which leads the man of the Orient to spend so much time in the open air, absorbed in thoughtless revery.

But one of the number was restless, and finally sprang to his feet exclaiming, "Let us go somewhere and do something! I cannot remain here in idleness, even for the sake of resting. Behold! snow-clad Hermon north of us! Who will come with me and climb that lofty mountain?"

I arose and put my arm around his shoulder as I would not have dared to do if he had been John the Baptist, as I would not have cared to do had he been Paul, much as I admire the great apostle; and I said, "Peter, I love you. You are so human, and so much like a modern American. You were born before the time of your blood brothers, but you have said something that wakes a responsive chord. If I have a day without responsibility the one thing above all others I love to do is to climb a mountain. Come, let us go. Let us strive, and let us accomplish."

Then John arose and said, "I go also."

So we three made our way up over the steep where the goats feed, through the dark ravines where the living springs were cold as ice, along the cliffs where the loosed stones rolled down a

thousand feet, over the perpendicular rocks where our breath came quick and our hearts beat like trip-hammers, across the fields of ice and over the banks of snow, until at last we stood upon the summit of hoary-headed Hermon—ten thousand feet above the valley. Before us was the land of Israel,—on the left Bashan and Uz and Gilead, to the south the thread-like Jordan winding through its green valley to the abyss below; and across the plain of Esdraelon, to the left of Sharon, we caught glimpses of the mountains around about Jerusalem. To the west we could look right over the towers of Lebanon to what seemed like an infinity of purple sea stretching beyond the ruins of Tyre and Sidon. All about our feet the snow glittered in the sunshine as though diamonds had been sown by a careless hand, while the heaven above us was bright and beautiful as the heavens can be bright and beautiful only when seen from a mountain top. Then John spoke.

“Peter,” he said, “do you remember when we were here before with the Master, and He was transfigured before us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father?”

“Yes,” said Peter, “I remember. We were eyewitnesses of his majesty, for He received from the Father honor and glory, when there came such a

voice to Him from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' And this voice which came from heaven, we heard when we were with Him on this holy mount."

"And do you remember, Peter," continued John, "that you were saying it was a good place to abide, right here, and you were talking about building a booth or tabernacle for the Lord, when the cloud came down and hid it all?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And Peter, I am thinking that same thought, just now. This is a good place to abide,—up here so far above the din and hurry and rush and strife of worldly life, so far above earthly sin and human selfishness. This snow is white and clean! It has never been trampled by feverishly hurrying feet, stained with the blood of unholy conflict, or grimed with the mire and dirt which the great, unresting sea of human wickedness casts up almost at the very thresholds of them that dwell below. Let us abide right here; it is so pure and beautiful that if God will dwell among men, his dwelling must be here. Come, let us find the tabernacle of the Lord, or build Him one."

Just then a cloud descended from above us, not a cloud of shadow, but a cloud of light, and out of the cloud came a voice, the voice this same John heard long ago, when he stood, alone in body and

alone in spirit, among the vine-clad mountains of Patmos. This was what the voice said:

“Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them! Down there is the tabernacle of the Lord! down there among men! down there where there are people with blind eyes and wasted limbs and withered arms and leprous bodies and sinful souls! down there, where the young are in the grasp of evil spirits and their parents are crying out for help! down there where your comrades are already struggling against the devil of human selfishness, and need your aid! Down there! down there! The tabernacle of God is with men!”

As the Daydream faded, I seemed to hear voices singing—not angel voices, but voices of common men and neighborly women and everyday children, singing the words of a plain-spoken, true-hearted friend.

“We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

“But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

"The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain:
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

"O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name and sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by thine."

Balkan, sans voir Stamboul, chante son noir salem;
Sina voit l'infini, mais non Jérusalem.

—*Victor Hugo.*

NEAR THE MASTER

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME LXXV. PART 1. 1945
PUBLISHED BY THE
Royal Society of Medicine
11, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
1945

CHAPTER III

NEAR THE MASTER

A great crowd surged out of the City among the Hills. It was neither pageant nor procession, nor people upon pleasure bent. It was a fierce mob with harsh tones and cruel voices. Yet it was not made up entirely of riff-raff. There were well-dressed, smug, self-satisfied men, encouraging, even inspiring and leading the rabble,—men of authority whose eyes gleamed with heartless triumph.

A strong horse was moving slowly amid the throng—slowly, but without hesitancy, however many people might press near him; for he was accustomed to see crowds part and men and women stand aside, when he approached. He carried a Roman centurion who rode immovable as a bronze statue, looking neither to the left nor right. Behind him a quaternion of soldiers marched, and in their midst was the condemned Man, bearing the cross upon which He was to suffer. His steps were slow and faltering, for He had been buffeted and scourged; but on His face heaven had written a wonderful story, yet it was in a language which the rabble could not read, so they cried out,

"Crucify Him! crucify Him! He saved others, himself He cannot save!"

As these people pushed through the narrow gate of the city, a stranger appeared on the outskirts of the throng, caught up, as it were, by the moving crowd and drawn into the center. His face was Jewish, but his dress suggested a distant land. Whether he was moved by idle curiosity or genuine interest, one could not tell; but soon he was near the soldiers, gazing earnestly into the face of their prisoner. Just then the condemned Man stumbled and fell, seemingly unable to carry the heavy weight which had been laid upon Him. Then the soldiers with coarse laughter seized the stranger as the only one within easy reach, and, though he was apparently a man of high social standing, they commanded him to bear the cross. Perhaps he pitied the Condemned; perhaps he scorned to object, knowing that resistance would be useless. However that might be,—not with weakness and fear but with manly strength,—he lifted the burden to his own shoulder, and marched proudly beside the prisoner, up the hill called the Place of the Skull.

.

The Dreamer looked again, and saw a company of the disciples gathered beneath the olive trees in a garden belonging to one of their number, out-

side the walls of Jerusalem. Years had passed since Jesus of Nazareth had been condemned; and though there were faces in the company familiar in the days of His earthly ministry, the majority of those present had grown to manhood since the crucifixion, or at least had learned to believe in One whom they had not seen.

"It is so wonderful," said a young disciple, "that you could have seen the Master, the Redeemer, the Immanuel, here on earth. Tell us what you mean when you say that He lived with you. How near did you come to Him when you approached Him, or He approached you?"

Old people love reminiscences, so one of them was prompt to answer. "When the Master was on earth," he said, "I joined a great multitude that followed Him into a desert place, and when we were hungry, He took bread in his own hands and blessed it and gave it to his twelve disciples, and they gave it to us. It was multiplied in their hands so that we all had enough. We ate the bread of miracle which He himself had made, which his own hands had touched. Truly that was coming very near the Master."

Immediately another spoke: "It is a common thing to receive food. Any friend can give us bread. But I had distorted limbs, withered arms and a palsied body. I lay all day upon a cot, beg-

ging for the little needed to prolong my worthless life. The Master came near and said, 'Arise and walk.' I arose strong and active as Joab. I walked like other men, carrying my couch; I was well because I had been close to the Master."

Near the last speaker sat a brother whose wide eyes seemed hungry, as they eagerly sought everything within their range of vision,—yet there was in them a look of satisfaction, like that of one long athirst when he puts the cup to his lips. "What is thought and motion to one who cannot look upon the beauty of God's handiwork?" he demanded. "I was born blind. I had never glimpsed or sensed this,"—and he waved his hand about him,—“my life was all darkness and gloom and emptiness. The Master came to me and touched my eyes—He created a new world for me. How I reveled in the delicate flowers! the graceful birds! the waving trees! the purple hills! the braided brooks! the rolling sea! the twinkling stars! the soft moonlight! and the glorious sunshine! It all meant *Master* to me. I was very near to Him!"

Then another spoke: "What is beauty to him who has no home and no friends? I was an unclean leper! I could not sleep in a house, I could not enter a town, I could not meet my parents, my brothers, my wife, my children. After I be-

came leprous no clean hand touched me until the Master came. Then I was made whole, then I received health and strength. He was very near to me, for He redeemed me from a living death."

"I was dead," cried another eagerly, "and He gave me life! He was my friend, He loved me, He wept as He stood beside my tomb; and His love followed me through the grave, and brought my spirit back to my body and my body back from the sepulchre. To me He said, 'Lazarus, come forth!' It was a great mystery of which I dare not speak, and it was being very close to Jesus."

Among the women was one who would be distinguished in any company. Though she was long past youth, her beauty had not faded, but had become noble—almost queenly. Yet there was nothing haughty or condescending in her tone as she spoke. "Though the Master was the Great Physician, there have been other physicians—for the body. He only could cure the soul. Whether the body be in the grave or out of the grave is unimportant, if the soul be lost. I was a lost soul. I was beautiful and many professed to love me, but no honorable man spoke to me words of friendship. No good man—not even a prophet—would permit me to touch him,—until the Master came. He told me that my sins which were many were freely forgiven. Because I needed more than others I re-

ceived more. And I think receiving more brought me nearer to the Giver." As she ceased speaking, her tears fell like rain, even as when they had laved the feet of Jesus.

Beside her sat another woman whose bent form showed traces of heavy years. Her face was still beautiful, but there were upon her features marks of struggle—the struggle of defeat as well as of victory. "Sister Mary Magdalene," she said, "I, like you, was a sinful woman. But, unlike you, I was not repentant. When men took up stones to cast upon me, I thought only of the punishment. But the Master sent them all away and said to me, 'Sin no more.' Then I came to myself. Then I knew the horror of sin as something far greater than the horror of punishment. I knew it and I felt it, because I was very close to the Master."

After she had finished a familiar voice spoke—a voice to which, as was their custom, they all listened eagerly. "Beloved, love vaunteth not itself. Yet you must remember that the Master chose twelve to be near Him as none others were near. I am the only one left you; all the others have laid down their lives for their friends. We ate, we slept, we walked and talked with Him for years. He taught us both earthly things and heavenly things. He entered with us into the Holy of Holies. On the night before His death, when

we ate the last supper with Him, in the shadow of the crucifixion, He bound us to himself with a mystic cord which thought cannot grasp—much less words express. Not only was I one of the Twelve, but when we reclined at meat, I was that disciple whom Jesus loved—I leaned upon His bosom—” The apostle of Love paused abruptly as the tears began to flow.

There was a brief silence—then another spoke. He was an aged man, weak and palsied, but two stalwart sons, one on either side, held his hands and looked into his face with honor and affection. In a trembling voice he said, “When our Lord was led out to be crucified, I bore His cross. As I walked by His side with His burden upon my shoulder, I felt that I was very near, very near, to the Master.”

There was a long pause. Gradually every eye turned expectantly toward a brother who had been silent much longer than was his wont. He was one whom the disciples had formerly feared, for once he had persecuted the believers. Now he had become a mighty preacher of the Gospel and a great leader—though he seldom visited Judea. He was a man of activity, usually energetic and positive, with thoughts that outran language; but just now he was in a quiet frame of mind, and his

tired eyes were looking far away to the unseen things eternal in the third heaven of his vision.

“Fellow workers,” he said, in a mild, gentle voice, “I know not who will sit on the right hand of the Master in the Kingdom of Heaven. But on earth Simon of Cyrene has come nearer to Him than ye all. For remember the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ Bear ye one another’s burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.”

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share in another’s need;
Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me.

—*Lowell.*

JOY AND PAIN

CHAPTER IV

JOY AND PAIN

This is a dream which has filled the fancies of innumerable disciples for many centuries.

The Dreamer saw the open country, far removed from the walls of the town. It was night in those fields outside Bethlehem, where shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night. And there shone about those shepherds a Radiance brighter and more wonderful than any light ever seen on earth before, and the world had never seemed so beautiful as it appeared to the eyes of those watchers; and there was with them a Heavenly Visitor, whose presence was such delightful companionship as no man had ever known; his greeting was "Fear not," and his message was Glad Tidings, Peace and Good-Will throughout the World. To this was added a multitude of the Heavenly Hosts, singing such music as no other mortal ears had ever heard. Thus began the work of Christ on earth: Brilliancy of Brightness which eyes had never seen, Blessing such as heart had not conceived, Security the earth had never known, Love of which poets had not sung, Heaven's own Choir filling the land and sky with music of which

human imagination had never dreamed; not a pain, not a pang, not a fear, not a sorrow, to mar the perfect Gladness.

Thus began the earthly life of Immanuel, God with us, the Divine dwelling with the human under earthly condition. That vision was God's gift to the shepherds; it is God's gift to us, said the Dreamer, it is God's lesson, teaching—as He always teaches, by action—the nature of that process by which the Divine descends to the human in lifting the human up to the Divine.

.

There came another dream. It is the same God, the same lesson, and we are in the same land, but now we look inside the walled town. There, all is hurry and jostle. Many strangers are in the city; camels, donkeys and horses are mingled in strange confusion. It was such a sight as the Dreamer had seen in real life among Oriental people of modern times, yet not so different from what we see in our own country,—people eager, each for his own advantage, attending to his own interests and nothing else, pushing, grasping, crushing, if necessary. There is not room enough to accommodate all comfortably, so the strong will seize, and the weak suffer.

In a stable lodged a young woman and her husband. They had been compelled by a law, as un-

yielding and unfeeling as the flinty rock, to leave their home just at the time when every instinct of comfort and of delicacy and of safety would have moved them to remain in domestic quiet. And there in the rude surrounding of a Bethlehem manger, among the rough cattle and the coarse drivers, in weakness and loneliness and homesickness, with no mother, no sister and perhaps no womanly companion, no privacy and no comfort, this pure, delicate young wife was enduring the pain and travail of her first child-birth. Thus began the life of Jesus Christ on earth; thus began His work of saving the people from their sins.

That, too, was God's lesson to the world, and God's lesson to the Dreamer. From that, as well as from the other picture, we are to learn what salvation means; what it means for Divinity to stoop down to dwell with humanity, and for humanity to struggle upward toward that place where God dwells.

.

"Peace, come away; the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song."

But it is an earthly song, and the Dreamer saw it forcing itself into every form of earthly music. He saw that the song was sung by unwilling lips;

that we do not know the worth of woe, we cannot analyze the power of sorrow, we do not understand the ministry of pain. But it is a part of God's ministry.

The Dreamer saw the Master bearing a Cross, and all those that would come after Him taking up crosses and following Him. The Dreamer knew not what it meant, but he knew it had a meaning writ by God's own hand. He saw a dark, cold cloud coming between himself and the sun. He knew not why the cloud was there, but he knew with the faith of certainty that it was God's cloud.

.
Is this ministry of pain no other than an earthly cloud? A thought came to the Dreamer, so sacred and so mysterious, that he closed the eyes of his imagination lest he profane the Thought by trying to paint it as a picture. We are told that once, at least, during the progress of Christ's earthly mission, the toil became so heavy, the disappointment so bitter, the sorrow so sore, the pain so fierce, and the agony so intense, that there was *silence in heaven*.

In heaven, God shall wipe away all tears from the mourners' eyes. There can be no earthly sorrow in heaven. But we may not say that in heaven there will not be that which corresponds to the fellowship of sorrow, the earthly ministry

of pain. Yet we fear not for our own future, nor for those who have outstripped us in this upward march to the heights where the eye can behold the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off; for Jesus Christ is there.

“Without Him, Heaven were an arid waste;
With Him a desert Heaven.”

O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser God had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance, because we see not to the close.

—*Tennyson.*

SHEPHERD AND LAMB

CHAPTER V

SHEPHERD AND LAMB

When the Dreamer was young, he dreamed of other boys. The favorite boy of his fancies was also a dreamer, one whose dreams were expressed in the music of heart and voice, one who sang of the King in his beauty and of the Land that is very far off.

This boy had seven brothers who worked in an easy-going way with their father among the olive trees and vineyards around Bethlehem; but he, the youngest, trailed the sheep far beyond the gardens, and orchards, and wheat fields, into the open country. He dreamed dreams, but he was not an idle dreamer. The rich red blood of activity and accomplishment surged through his heart. His hair was not black like that of his brothers, but tinged with the glow of sunrise, and he looked more like the lads that laugh as they glide swiftly over the ice in the frozen North, than like the naked children who bask in the southern sunshine.

"How different he is from his brothers," exclaimed a neighbor woman.

"Yes," replied another, "his great grandmother came from the heathen people beyond Jordan. It

is the blood of the untamed Moabites, reappearing in the fourth and fifth generations. Look at his nephews, Zeruiah's boys! They are more like him than like their other uncles, or even their own father and mother."

"Yes," responded the first woman, "but they are not handsome like him. And though he is as brave and strong as they, he is not so stubborn and rude and unreasonable. He is kind and thoughtful for others."

"But his great grandmother was a Moabitess," persisted her neighbor, "he will never be like the other boys of Bethlehem."

In the winter when the plentiful rain filled the pools, and the grass was green, this boy fed his sheep within sight of Bethlehem; but in summer, when the hills were dry and the grass was dead, he led his flock far out into the wilderness, where no other boy dared to go alone, for he knew not fear. As he went forth at dawn and returned at sunset, he sang to himself—and to the sheep,—

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in."

Neither was he lonely. The Dreamer never lacks companionship. The Voices saluted him, though without speech or language, and he an-

swered with his harp. To the majestic mountain he sang:

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence
shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord, which made
heaven and earth."*

To the babbling brook he sang:

*"As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God."*

To the clouds and the rocks, the grass and the trees, the birds and all wild creatures that he sometimes saw in the wilderness, this was his song:

*"God watereth the hills from his chambers,
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man."*

*"The trees of the Lord are full of sap,
The cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted,
Where the birds make their nests."*

*"As for the stork, the fir trees are her home,
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats,
And the rocks for the conies."*

As he watched the great eagle, soaring to the highest crags where her young were hidden among the rocks, his voice sang, as his hand brought

forth the deepest and sweetest chords from his harp:

*"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."*

Leaving the fold in early morning, he saw the glories of the sunrise, and returning at evening, the beauty of the stars brightening in the deepening twilight. Then he sang:

*"The heavens declare the glory of God,
The firmament showeth his handiwork."*

It was known that fierce beasts of prey sometimes came up from the jungle along the Jordan into the wilderness where the boy fed his sheep in summer, but it was not thought probable that one of them would attack a shepherd in the daytime. So as long as the boy came home at early evening, the father, Jesse, had no fear.

But one hot summer day, as the Shepherd Boy sat under a cliff, singing softly to himself:

*"For He shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways,"*

there appeared a huge moving shadow in the sunlight near him. He looked up quickly, and saw upon the rock a great bear, looking hungrily toward the sheep. Just then, on the other side

of the Shepherd Boy, a huge tawny form shot through the air, landing among the sheep. It was a large lion; and the wicked beast seized a poor little lamb in his jaws and ran down the narrow valley among the shadows of the steep rocks.

Quickly the boy grasped his sling and sent a stone straight into the face of the bear. The great beast snarled with pain, swayed a moment as if about to fall, then shambled off among the rocks. Grasping his sling, staff and shepherd's bag, the brave lad ran down the ravine where the lion had disappeared. It was not long before he came in sight of the cruel captor with the innocent prey. It was midday, and the lion lacked that self-confidence which he would have felt at nightfall, but he was the king of beasts and would not be hunted. He turned, dropped the lamb, placed one cruel foot upon the prostrate body, glared at the boy with blazing eyes, and uttered an awful roar which re-echoed among the hills, louder than thunder and far more terrifying.

Quick as thought, the boy thrust his hand into his shepherd's bag and brought forth a smooth stone which he fitted to his sling. In an instant it whizzed through the air and struck midway between the eyes of the lion. The majestic beast sank upon his belly with a snarl, dazed and half-unconscious. The boy sprang forward and lifted

the paw of the lion with his shepherd's crook, snatched the crushed and bleeding lamb, and ran with it in his arms, up the narrow valley to where the frightened sheep were huddled together.

He seated himself on the green grass and gathered the trembling lamb tenderly in his arms. The poor little creature was bruised in many places, and on his head was a bleeding wound where the cruel claws of the lion had torn the tender flesh. With the jug of water which the shepherd boy had brought to drink during the hot noon hours, he washed this wound thoroughly, and he poured on the oil from his pocket flask which was to have been an important part of his own frugal dinner.

"Now you can rest, little lamb," he said. "Your wounds will heal and in a few days you will be well and strong again. Now I will lay you upon this moist bed of cool, green grass, with your head upon my knee; I will take my harp and sing while you listen."

Because he was a boy with whom the imagination of childhood still lingered, he talked to the lamb as though they two were boon companions. Because he was devout and had the soul of a poet and saw his own love for the lamb as a faint reflection of God's love for him, he sang this song:

"The Lord is my shepherd.

“Now listen, little lamb. I am going to sing of the Good Shepherd who protects me and loves me night and day. And as I tell what He does for me, you will know what I am trying to do for you; and as you think of what I do for you, you may know what the good God is doing for me.

“I shall not want.

“You shall have all you need, little lamb. You are so weak and bruised that you cannot get your own food in the ordinary way, and you may fear starvation. But I will take care of you. I have ways of helping lambs which you do not understand.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

“Look around upon the hills, little lamb, and see them scorched and bare. Look down the valley and up the valley and see the grass all dead. But here is a little spot of green where the moisture oozes out of the cliff, which you had not discovered, but which I knew. Here I have brought you that you might lie upon the fresh young grass. So I take you to the best places, when you cannot find them for yourself.

“He leadeth me beside the still waters.

“It is dry and hot now, little lamb, and the brooks have ceased to flow; but I know where there

are pools of still water that do not dry up in summer, and I will lead you to them that you may drink and be refreshed.

"He restoreth my soul.

"Ah! little lamb, your life was almost gone when you lay bruised and crushed and torn, under the wicked lion's paw. You didn't expect to live many minutes, you had given up your life; but I brought it back, I restored your soul.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.

"That was a wicked way where the hungry lion ran down with you in his teeth; but wasn't it a happy, a holy path for you and me when you rode in my arms? You will always be good and happy, little lamb, when I hold you against my breast.

"For his name's sake.

"The Name of God means the character of God—what He is. And because He is what He is, now and forever, because He is the Good Shepherd, he will always take care of me. It must be so, it would be unreasonable for me to doubt it. So, little lamb, do not tremble. Because I am your shepherd, I shall take care of you. For you to fear is foolish. If necessary, I will give my life for my sheep.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

“That was a dark valley where you went when the lion held you in his teeth. The sun was shining overhead, but Death had you in his grip.

“I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

“You were in the grip of Death, but I was there. You could not help yourself, little lamb; it was because I was with you that you were delivered. Wherever I am, there you are safe.

“Thou preparest a table before me.

“Though you are bruised and cannot get your food in the ordinary way, you shall not go hungry, little lamb. I drew from one of the goats a cup of milk to drink with my own dinner. There it is right before you. I am warming it on the heated rock in the sunshine, so that it may be just like your own mother’s milk. You shall take it now; I have been preparing it for you.

“In the presence of mine enemies.

“I would not be surprised, little lamb, if the stupid bear and the crazy lion were glaring at us, right now, from behind some rock. But they will not attack us a second time to-day, now that they have failed. So you may eat in safety.

“He anointeth my head with oil.

“I have taken the oil which was a part of my own dinner and poured it upon your wound, that

it may keep out the dust and poison. It will make you well, little lamb.

"My cup runneth over.

"You see, little lamb, this cup is so full that we cannot move it without spilling. It is all for you, and you shall have more if you need it.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

"I will be good to you, I will be merciful to you. I will follow you. When you are hungry, when you are thirsty, when you are weary, when you are in danger, when you are dying, all day long, I will follow you.

"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord.

"Before it grows real dark, little lamb, you and I will be in our Father's house where no feverish sun can smite us and no wicked lion can reach us.

"Forever.

"You and I, little lamb, do not understand that word. But our Father knows its meaning. Yes, dear Lamb, our Father knows."

Such ever was Love's way: to rise it stoops.

Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve.

—*Browning.*

A DREAMER'S QUEST

CHAPTER VI

A DREAMER'S QUEST

In a little cluster of date-palms, on a green hillside, dwelt Akbah Ben Omar. All around him was a thirsty land, in winter bearing a little thin grass, in summer shriveling like the neighboring desert. Even the spring which fed his little garden was dry during the hot months; but the roots of the century-old palms seemed to find some hidden moisture deep in the earth, so that their leaves were always green and their fruit full-grown. A few servants, born in his own house, watched over his little flock of sheep and goats—a little flock, because in summer there was no water save that stored in the cisterns. But the scanty flocks and the fruitful trees furnished all that was needed for his family and his servants. And when he sold wool to the merchant or dates to the traveler he buried the little pieces of silver beneath the Oldest Palm, as his father had done before him. Far away across the plain could be seen the track along which many traveled, and in summer the way was long between the wells of water. Sometimes a thirsty traveler, ready to perish, would leave the beaten path and seek help

beneath Akbah's palms; and Akbah was not lacking in hospitality, but from his own scanty store he could spare but little, else he and all his would die of thirst. So while he might occasionally relieve one unfortunate, he must sit beneath his palm when the sun was hottest and gaze out toward the purple horizon, through the shadowy forms which seemed to dance in the heated air, and watch the great procession of thirsty, feverish men and beasts pass by unaided.

Five generations before him had sat beneath the trees on that moist hillside; and each one had looked upon the long processions of thirsty travelers, and then had gazed up at the heavens; for each had studied the stars, and each had left a great roll of parchment upon which was recorded the results of many nights spent in watching the wanderers of the sky; but no one of them had learned what is really the meaning of the stars.

Akbah had studied the heavens most carefully of all; he had covered more parchment than his five ancestors with the result of his observations. But the great question still remained unanswered: What do the stars mean? What have they to do with the thirsty men who drag over the desert, the mysterious spirits of air, wind, water and fire, and the Great All-embracing Fatherhood? And as old age came creeping slowly upon him, he

prayed to the All-Fatherhood that a son might be given to continue the same studies for the Seventh Generation.

And there came to his house one day, a very aged man toiling under the weight of thoughtful years. And, as Akbah gave the venerable traveler food and drink, he saw in the piercing eye that mysterious light from the Unknown World which comes to some men of Wisdom and Virtue when earthly things begin to fade.

"Akbah ben Omar ben Achmet ben Omar," the old man said, "you are the sixth of your line—the sixth life that has been given on this spot to the study of the stars. You are disappointed; but be not disheartened; your labors have not been unfruitful. Your prayers to the Great All-Fatherhood shall be answered. You shall have a son; and if your son will prove himself worthy, he shall learn the Lesson of the Stars." The seer went on his way. And a son was born to Akbah in his old age. Though he did not live to see Yussuf, his son, grown into manhood, he did live long enough to teach the boy all he knew of the stars, to show him how to study the records of six generations, to reveal the secret of the little hoard of silver beneath the Oldest Palm, to give him a roll of blank parchment, and to tell him that the Seventh Generation must learn the Great Lesson,

or the labor of the Seven Generations would come to naught.

Many long and weary days did Yussuf Ben Akbah con with blinding eyesight the records of six generations; and many long and peaceful nights did he gaze upon the Mystery of the Stars—the stars which must be a part of the Great All-Fatherhood; and yet must have something to do with thirsty Man and watching Spirit. Yet nothing did he learn. If the records of six generations did not teach the lesson, what use to add a seventh! If he wrote upon his parchment it would be but repetition of what had been written before.

But one day the aged Seer came again to the grove of palms; his steps were tottering, his voice was weak, his eyes were dimmer to behold earthly things, but brighter in them was that gleam of the Faraway and the Unseen. “My son,” he said, “six generations have failed to learn the Lesson of the Stars because they have studied only the stars of the night. The Seventh shall learn the lesson by studying the Stars of the Day. The lesson must be learned when the flocks are feeding, and the shepherds watchful, and the merchants hurrying across the desert.”

Then Yussuf Ben Akbah searched the sky when the sun was shining clear. But after many days

the parchment roll was still a blank, for he could find no Stars of the Day whose movements he could record.

After a few more years the aged Seer came once again to the little grove of palms. His form was wasted to a shadow and his eyes saw nothing but the Unseen.

"This is the last time," he said, "that I shall visit this home—the last time my hand shall touch the recording rolls of six generations. I have one final message for you. You seek the Stars of the Day. Look downward; the Lesson of the Great All-Fatherhood is written in the earth more clearly than in the heavens. Go to the little valley just at the bottom of the moist hillside and dig deep into the earth and you shall find a Star of the Day. You shall look upon it while the flocks feed and the shepherds are watchful, and the merchants hurry across the desert. Then, perchance, you shall learn the Lesson. This is the prophecy; be faithful, be patient, follow the teachings of Wisdom even when you cannot see the end; or the labors of Seven Generations will go for naught."

So Yussuf went down into the valley and began his task. The servants born in his own home were not equal to the labor, so he took the silver from beneath the Oldest Palm and hired men to cut a small passage deep into the earth.

But soon the workmen began to murmur. Their fathers had never done thus. They knew not what terrible calamity might come upon them should they break through the earth upon which their ancestors had trodden secure. Two of them consented, however, for a great price, to stand above and draw up the buckets of clay, but down in the earth, Yussuf toiled alone.

Sometimes he feared, sometimes he faltered, sometimes his heart was too weary and his body too weak for the labor. And then he would murmur to himself, "I will be patient; I will be faithful; I will follow Wisdom though I cannot see the end." And he labored long years until his hands were hard, and his shoulders bowed, and his body pierced with rheumatic pains, and in his girdle was the last piece of silver.

Thus he was toiling one summer day; and as he thrust down his spade with feeble stroke, it broke through the hard clay and grated upon a coarse, clean sand. He stooped down and gathered a handful; it was wet like the sand of a river. And as he mused upon the wonder, he felt the cold water rising about his feet. Looking down again, he saw something glitter like a jewel. Could it be the Star? His eager hand grasped for it, but found only a reflection—reflection of what? Looking up he saw a star in the blue sky above.

He had never known before that from the bottom of a deep pit stars may be seen in the daytime.

He had found the Star of the Day—not in the earth as he had expected, but by digging in the earth he had found a place from which he might observe the Star. Now could he read the Lesson? But the excitement of the moment and the chill of the water about his ankles made him tremble so that he could not control his thoughts. It would be best to go to his home and rest, and return in the morning and gaze again at the Star of Day. Great was his surprise on the morrow to find that the water had risen to the very mouth of the pit, and that a tiny stream was running down the valley many cubits before it was swallowed by the thirsty soil. He sat upon a heap of earth and wept bitter tears. The labor of his life had been in vain. He had not strength enough to dig down deep into the earth again, nor had he silver left to pay workmen. He had followed the teaching of the Seer, he had found the Star of Day, but the Lesson of the Star he had not learned.

But while he wept, he heard footsteps, and looking up he saw a man leading a camel upon which were a woman and children. All looked weary; their eyes were dull and their lips chapped

by the hot wind that was already blowing from the desert.

"May we drink from your well?" said the stranger.

"Freely! Freely—in the name of the Great All-Fatherhood!" quickly answered Yussuf. "This water comes from the Star of the Day."

"I know not what you mean," responded the wayfarer, "but this is the coolest, purest water I have ever drunk, and we go on our way with new life." And as he spoke, the glow of that new life shone in their faces.

Yussuf was comforted. He sat all day beneath the palms on the hillside and looked out across the thirsty land and saw the purple haze where the desert blended with the sky, and the shadow forms that seem to dance in the heated air. And he saw many weary and thirsty travelers turn aside from the beaten track to drink out of the new well the Water from the Star of Day—the coolest, purest they had ever tasted. And as Yussuf saw fresh life and strength pictured in their faces, a great peace and a new joy filled his heart. And as he closed his eyes in sleep that night he murmured a prayer of thanks to the Great All-Fatherhood. "I have learned," he said, "the Lesson of the Stars."

So it was for the space left him among the Palm

trees. He saw the travelers drink; he saw man and beast refreshed day by day, year by year. Finally, with trembling hand of age he wrote these words upon the parchment his father had left him.

“I am the Seventh Generation. I inherited silver and books, and a roll of parchment. I have expended the treasure, and I can write upon this parchment nothing but a repetition of what has been written before. I am weak and worn with toil; but I have learned the Lesson of the Stars—what they mean to thirsty men and helpful spirits in the World of the Great All-Fatherhood.”

I clutched at stars, I could not reach,—

I plucked the daisies by the way;

A vision flamed, I could not preach,—

I knelt in prayer the livelong day.

Gifts were required, I had no gold,—

I consecrated feet and hands;

I brought men cups of water cold

Unthanked,—the Master understands.

—*E. M. V.*

THE GENESIS OF MANHOOD

CHAPTER VII

THE GENESIS OF MANHOOD

The Dreamer sees one of his ancestors, a huge, hairy man, coming out of a cave in which he dwells. He is untamed and undisciplined. The underbrush and even the small trees bend before him. His strength is his title deed to anything he wants; his crown of authority covers all that he can conquer. His passion is the inheritance of a thousand generations; it is not something to be mastered, but the master motive of action,—each moment, a guide to resolve and accomplishment. Each appetite is not something to be restrained and directed, but something to be gratified, regardless of obstacles.

As this man of mighty muscle tears his way through the forest, he is hungry,—hungry with a hunger that a civilized man never knew,—a hunger with which the man of morality and conscience never wrestled. Then he meets another who has been hunting food in the forest and who, after long struggle, has obtained what he needs; and who is smaller and weaker and unable to defend himself. The hungry giant glares at the smaller man with eyes like bursting shrapnel. Every inch of

his body, strong and healthy like the growing oak, cries out for food. The ape that is within him whispers, "There is no such thing as right and wrong, honesty or honor." The serpent that is within him hisses, "Be your own god and make your own laws to fit your own desires and your own power." The wolf that is within him howls for blood. Every muscle is tense and every nerve a-quiver with eagerness for the conflict. Shall he overthrow the weaker man, take what his hungry fierceness craves and gratify his natural desires? Or shall he master his spirit, quell his passions, crush down his hunger, gird up his loins like a man, go out into the forest and win what he needs by his own honest endeavor?

He who answered that question rightly under those circumstances contributed more to the advancement of human life and the uplifting of human lives than has been accomplished by all the wars of history, since the man of wrath and ruthlessness brandished his first spear, fashioned his first arrow, and first shed his brother's blood.

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There was another scene in this dream.

This man of the mighty muscle and the puissant passion is returning from the chase and nearing his own abode. He has been successful. He has what he needs and it is all his own. No person on

earth has the shadow of a claim to the food, the rich spoil of honest struggle, which he has upon his shoulder. As he approaches his cave, he sees one who has been unsuccessful, and has fallen among the thorns, weak and fainting for lack of nourishment.

The savage giant pauses a moment and looks down upon the one who has failed. Shall he keep for himself alone that which is his,—which he has won by toil and danger—and leave the hungry man to die? Or shall he share with the needy, with the one who is otherwise likely to perish?

He who under those circumstances answered that question aright did more for promoting the regnancy of peace and righteousness on earth—which is the Kingdom of God—more for promoting the Divine Life among human habitants, than has been accomplished by all the learning and art and industry of the world since the early savage built his first fire, carved his first bone, and wrought his first stone axe.

The birth of a man is more than any birthday, for without birth he could never attain to his majority. The Birth of Manhood is greater than any subsequent attainment. It is the first mile on the road of Eternal Life, along which, some day, will march the whole human race—they will

march because somewhere, sometime, somebody led the way.

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The present generation has dreamed such a wonder as the world never imagined before—the dream of a man who started with nothing and won a thousand million dollars. And it is said that perhaps such a dream has now become a reality.

What then? Does the world need a greater man who will accumulate and hold a thousand billions? No! the world needs—God needs—men who will rise above the ingathering level of the brute to the outpouring level of the Divine.

He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall
_stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh,
that I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.

—*Browning.*

THE FIRST FRUITS OF CREATION

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST FRUITS OF CREATION

A little tree forced its roots into the flinty soil of the much trodden pasture. The Dreamer watched its struggles and it had but poor opportunity for growth, for the cattle cropped its twigs from the ends of its little branches, and as it developed it became humpbacked and round-shouldered like a dwarf among men. In the course of time it developed sharp, rough little stubs of branches, like large thorns, as if in self-defense.

"It has borne fruit," said the Dreamer, "not fruit pleasant for the world outside, but such as it needed for its own protection."

As the years went by the tree adapted itself more fully to its surroundings. The roots grew stronger, pushed themselves through the stony soil and found the nourishment needed. It rose above the daily rapine of the cattle and the crushing weight of the wintry snow, and spread its vigorous branches to the warm embrace of the life-breathing sunlight. The Dreamer passed it in early summer, and saw it covered with fresh, green leaves; a bird had built a nest within the

covert, and the cattle, during the heat of the day, sought its grateful shade.

The Dreamer said, "The thorns were not the real fruit of the tree, it was made to bear leaves; now it is productive."

The summer waned, the air grew chill. Then the leaves of the tree took on bright tints of many colors, and it became far more beautiful than it had been in Summer.

The Dreamer said, "I was wrong: green leaves were but a preparation for this richer beauty. We see now the true fruit of the tree."

Spring came again, and on one bright Sabbath which the Church called White Sunday, when country maidens went to Church clad in their new white robes, the tree, also, put on new garments. The Dreamer saw that it had clothed itself with beautiful sweet blossoms. The busy bees came for many miles to taste its nectar, the prodigal petals covered the needy earth, and the sweet odor overloaded the neighboring air with their fragrance.

"Ah! I was wrong," said the Dreamer, "this tree had all the while a destiny far above the production of leaves, even leaves of gorgeous colors. It was made to bear blossoms. All that came before was incidental. The tree has borne fruit at last."

But summer came bringing life, and then heat, and then a cool breath which the swallows knew, for they gathered upon the barns in multitudes, preparing for their autumn pilgrimage. The nights were keen and cool, but at midday the soft warm weight of Indian Summer was pressed gently upon the brow of men as well as upon the plants of the field; a dreamy haze veiled the distant mountains, and children sang the Harvest Home; then there fell from the tree the rich, ripe fruit, the keen joy of all that tasted, and a rich promise for many years to come.

The Dreamer said, "I see at last the Destiny of the Tree. This is indeed its fruit."

.
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void. But gradually blind Chaos passed. The waters and the clouds were parted, and dry land appeared. God saw that it was good, but rock and clay, without life and growth, were not the real fruit of Creation.

Then came green grass, fragrant flowers, majestic trees,—all good but not in a full sense the fruit of Creation.

After another brooding period there came creatures with a higher life, the life which meant sensa-

tion, movement, memory, love and joy. These were good, but not the Good.

Last of all came man, created in the divine image. This man subjected the teeming earth, cultivated the fruitful land, built these mighty cities, bridged the rushing rivers, and rode upon the majestic Sea. The beauty of his Art, the power of his Skill, the glory of his Accomplishment were so great that it seemed as though he must be the fruit of Creation. But this fruit was not without blemish. The blood of the murdered brother cried from the ground. The groans of the poor and oppressed were often heard near the seats of the mighty. In the temples of dazzling beauty degrading abominations were practiced. Men waged cruel war against their fellowmen, bringing into the conflict all the destructive machinery their trained intellects could invent for the crushing of hostile nations.

By and by Jesus Christ came into the world. He said man should be born anew, man should have another and better life, begotten by the Spirit, and made free from sin. One of those who had received this new life from the Saviour said in regard to it,

"Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures."

Can this mean that while all the works of God's Creation are good, the first fruit of them all did not appear until the first soul was redeemed and purified by Divine Power, and made a New Creature in Christ Jesus?

Such was the Dream. The Dreamer dare not say that the Dream is all true, but he can say that thus he dreamed.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a shell,
A jellyfish and saurian,
And a cave where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the sod;
Some call it Evolution,
But others call it God.

—Carruth.

THE CALL OF THE WIDE

CHAPTER IX

THE CALL OF THE WIDE

The Dreamer saw a controversy in the early Church. Can the Gentiles become Christians? Of course, if they will accept the Jewish system, be circumcised and observe the Law of Moses. But how about just common pagan Greeks? At this question the wise apostles shook their heads doubtfully.

But there was one apostle who had a wide vision. He was full of earnestness, he labored more than all the others; he was mighty in will power, yet he was master of diplomacy. He insisted that the believers should hear what God had done for Gentiles outside the Law, how the Holy Spirit had visited the repentant, until there was neither Jew, Samaritan, or Greek, bond or free, but all one in Jesus Christ.

That settled the matter for a while, but the old trouble appeared again and again. It was plain to the Jewish Christian that God had designed to save the world through the Jewish nation. That was the original promise to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." The Jews had the oracles of many

generations. Jesus was a Jew, so were the Twelve Apostles. It was unquestionably evident that God had planned for the conversion of the Jews first—at least, the Jews as a people—then to let them fulfill their designed mission, perform their divinely appointed work, by bringing all the other nations into the Kingdom. In the meantime, the Jewish disciples should remember their obligation under the Law, and not mingle socially with the uncircumcised. “We must keep ourselves clean.”

“Yes,” said Simon, named the Rock. “God showed me in a vision that what He had cleansed should not be called common or unclean, but this does not mean that I am to sit down and eat with Gentiles, even though they have become disciples.”

But there was the same mighty Paul, withstanding Simon Peter to his face. “You are to be blamed,” he said. And he swept away tradition and prejudice and argument.

“Lo!” he said, “we turn to the Gentiles,” and the Gentiles turned to the Lord.

.
Paul preached to the Greeks—the Greeks of Asia and the Greeks of old Hellas, and they gladly received the Word. When they came to understand the meaning of the Gospel, they were struck with the thought of God’s wonderful wisdom in bringing the Truth to them, the first among the

Nations. The Greeks were the best talkers in the world; they were philosophers, and could explain the metaphysics of Theology; their language was the language of literature and learning throughout the known world; they were the best prepared to become religious teachers. It seemed clear to them that the great work before the Church was to Christianize the Greeks, who would preach the Gospel to the other nations.

But again the great Paul stood up among them, and he looked clear through all this shallow sophistry, for he saw the mind of the Master.

"I must see Rome!" he said.

There were heathen enough at home. At every step he met a pagan; every public building was crowned with images, and every home furnished with idols and idolons. In the city of Athens, they said, it was easier to meet a god than a man. There was work enough for all the preachers and teachers and elders to bring the Greeks into the Kingdom. But Paul had the vision of a prophet; he looked far away across the sea to an imperial country as distant in time, toil and danger as China is from America at the present day, and his voice had in it the ring of destiny, as he cried,

"I must see Rome!"

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Paul preached in Rome. Soon he had a notable

following. There were the poor who heard Christ gladly, and also men and women of wealth and power—even some of Cæsar's household. The leadings of Providence were plain. The Romans were the rulers of the world; their Law was a standard for the nations; their roads opened communication through countries previously unknown; the claim, "I am a Roman Citizen," was a protection from violence and wrong, according to Cicero, even in the "remotest regions." The Roman wherever he went carried in his person a dignity and influence and authority unmatched by other people. Obviously the Church should spend all its energy in the conversion of the Romans, for when this were accomplished the rest of the world would fall into her arms like ripe fruit.

Again there appeared the great leader Paul, the one man who could look beyond the present in space and time. He had grown older, and his Vision of God's World had grown larger. He could see multitudes of strange people—strange in face, form, dress, language, customs and surroundings, a vast multitude out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation. He could not wait for the haughty Romans who were but a handful, after all, among the hoard of people clamoring for salvation. He looked towards the barbarians,—the unshaven, the crude and coarse

and ignorant, born in the Divine Image and redeemed by the Divine Sacrifice.

"I take my journey into Spain," he said. "I will come by and call upon my Roman friends as I pass, but my great objective is the land of the barbarian.

"I take my journey into Spain!"

.

There was a little island called Britain among the dark clouds and chilly mists of the Northern Sea, pushed off, as it were, from the northeast corner of Europe, like a child thrust out of a father's house. Neither Jew nor Greek nor Roman thought of that island as being a country of supreme importance in the conversion of the world. But by and by, the missionary activity of the early Church reached even that remote region, and the Britons became Christians. Then came pagan Saxons from the east and thrust out the owners of the land, who fled to the western coast, to the northern Highlands, or across the Sea to Hibernia. The cautious ones said, "We must conserve all our religious resources for work among ourselves and our own children, lest we lose entirely the faith that is in us, and go back to heathenism,—the only religion known to the people of the heather, who creep about in the underbrush and dig for roots and nuts."

But there were others in whose enlarged hearts was the Spirit of Jesus. They said, "Those wicked people who have burned our houses, driven us from our fields, and robbed us of our country, are God's children and we must tell them of Him who saves the people from their sins."

So they went to their enemies—our ancestors—and told them about the love of Jesus, and the Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men. They worked their way down toward the south, till they met the missionaries of Rome coming northward. Then the Saxons had become Christians. To-day those people that speak the modern form of the Old Saxon Tongue are the greatest of Christian missionaries and they print and circulate two-thirds of the world's Bibles. And the Dreamer saw them in the hour of the World's Great Crisis, with the eagerness of conviction and the joy of service, driving back the invading hoards of tyranny, and bestowing upon all nations the blessings of freedom, justice and peace.

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After the Dreamer had seen these shadows of olden days, he looked upon another Dream which was more than a dream. He saw among the modern disciples of our Lord those who continue to utter the discordant heresy that there are heathen enough at home. We need all our resources for

our own work. It is evident that God has appointed us to be the people of destiny, to redeem the world; and so we must give all our strength and all our energy to the saving of our own People, our own Land, our own Neighborhood, and thus prepare for the salvation of the world.

In the midst of all this false profession of Christ-likeness there came another voice. Sometimes it was a still, small Voice that only he could hear whose soul was in close union with the Divine. Sometimes it was a Voice like the sound of many waters, but only he could interpret whose heart was beating in harmony with the great Heart, the Divine Heart, of the Master. But always it was the voice of final authority which discords may devour and falsehoods confuse, but which expresses commands and promises that will remain unchanged as long as the mountains endure.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and lo! I am with you always.”

Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.

—*Chermes.*

By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

—*Kipling.*

ONE MASTER, NO SLAVE

CHAPTER X

ONE MASTER, NO SLAVE

The word Rome is a dream of power—power unyielding, unflinching, unpitying; power not always cruel, but never recognizing any right save itself, and never hesitating to crush the weak.

But other facts and forces save the Spirit of Rome mingle in our dream of Roman Days. When Rome was at the height of her resistless power, when her eagles were in Britain and in Africa, at the Pillars of Hercules and on the Oriental desert,—then the Teaching of Jesus invaded the Capitol.

There were people in the Eternal City weary of blood and pillage, of oppression and tyranny, of hate and conquest; and among the weary ones were the powerful and the poor, the opulent as well as the obscure, the mean and the majestic. The Law of Love entered many hearts among the high and the humble, the arrogant and the lowly. Wherever it entered, it wrought the world's great miracle,—a soul was born again.

At first the proud pagan and the haughty infidel would not take the trouble even to scorn the followers of the Nazarene. All religions were the

same, they said, all worthless—save to the poor and ignorant. “What is truth?” sneered Pilate, and went out.

But soon they were startled by the rapid spread of the new faith, by its unflinching tenacity and self-propagating power. Worship in the name of Jesus was forbidden, and the rabble shouted, “The Christians to the lions.” Men were scourged, women ill-treated, and the blood of the martyrs stained the Colosseum. They were troubled on every side, perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus.

At that time in the soft rock upon which Rome was built, the Christians cut out those secret passageways, dens of hiding, and chambers for worship, which we call the catacombs. There they fled in times of special danger, there they met for prayer and fellowship, there they buried their dead. They walked about the streets of Rome as strangers one to another, never daring to call a fellow disciple by the sweet name of brother. But beneath the earth, in their rock-hewn chapels, they were one in the fellowship of a common Master.

In the Dream there appeared a proud and wealthy Roman walking with masterful step

among those that bowed in humility before him. But there was true nobility in his manly soul, and the words of Jesus went straight to his honest heart. He was interested, he was moved to thoughtfulness,—at length he found two Christian disciples who braved the danger of betrayal that they might save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. They taught him the word of God, and answered his eager question, “What shall I do to be saved?”

For a long time they were unwilling to reveal to their high-born convert the names of other disciples, but at last they were sufficiently assured of his devotion to trust him with all their secrets. And the night came when he could go with them to the secret chapel beneath the protecting earth, where he might meet his fellow Christians, receive from them the sign of purification in baptism, share with them the Bread of Sacrament, drink from the Cup of the New Covenant, and remember the Dying Love of the Undying Lord.

When he came to the place of assembly there were many surprises awaiting him. He found some of his near neighbors there, one bosom friend whom he had never suspected of being a Nazarene. He almost gasped for breath when he saw one high in authority, respected and obeyed wherever the Roman army marched, now bowing in meekness

before Him who was worshiped, not in art or idol, but in Spirit and in Truth. He met, too, one whom he had long accounted a bitter enemy; they clasped hands, weeping friendly tears of holy joy.

But the great surprise of all came when he entered the little Chapel, cut out of the solid rock. There he found, seated in the place of honor, presiding at the meeting, ready to administer baptism and give to him the hand of fellowship, and offer him the Tokens of his First Communion,—one of his own slaves!

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The shadowy forms of those Early Disciples slowly vanished from sight, but through the ancient Catacombs the Dreamer seemed to hear the echoing chords of music, as if the Choir Invisible was singing,—

“Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is love and his gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is now our
brother,
And in his Name all oppression shall cease.”

.
The Dream of Love faded, and others forced their way into the Chamber of Vision, like seven evil spirits into a house swept and garnished. There was rioting in the streets of Rome. Savage

invaders broke down her walls, swarmed through her temples and dashed in pieces her priceless statues.

Then Christian fought against Christian. There were dungeons and racks and fagot piles. As the pagans had persecuted him who confessed Christ, now the Christians persecuted him who confessed in what they considered the words of heresy—while the sick suffered unattended, and the poor died for lack of bread.

Later, the fires of hatred blazed over all the earth. Nations called Christian, drunk with the lust of conquest and dominion, crazed with the madness of imagined superiority, tore at one another's bosoms, each trying to reach the heart of an opposing nation, calling to their aid the most skilful and most deadly inventions of Science.

And after this conflagration of a bedlamized world had burned itself out, the Dreamer saw Righteousness and Peace kiss one another; he saw Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, not in word, neither in tongue only, but in deed and in truth; he saw Love of Comrades, the Helpfulness of Strangers, the Friendship of Nations, the Fellowship of Race; a New Heaven and a New Earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness; he saw a world with one Master, even Christ, and no slave, no tyrant, no victim, a world where Love is the ful-

filling of the Law. For the earth shall be filled
with the knowledge of the Glory of the Lord, as
the waters cover the sea.

The tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs must shed,
That nearer heaven the living ones may climb.

—*Whittier.*

CANAANIZING THE CHRISTIAN

CHAPTER XI

CANAANIZING THE CHRISTIAN

The Dreamer heard the voice of the stern old Hebrew prophet, whose eyes saw fantastic visions and whose lips spoke strange imagery. This was his cry:

“Israel has become Canaan!”

The Dreamer looked in the record as translated in our common Bible, and found the word “Merchant.” In the Revised Version it is “Trafficker,” but in the old Hebrew it reads “Canaan.” Ephraim and Judah, that is Israel, had become Canaan. And the prophet added, “The balances of deceit are in his hand.”

This is the dream of Canaan—it is not so much a dream as the ghost of a vanished reality.

There were people, wonderful people, living upon a narrow strip of country between the Mountains of Lebanon and the Great Sea, and on a little island near the coast. In the days when what men called the World was wrapped like a girdle about the Mediterranean Sea, these people built and sailed the first merchant ships upon its waters. They invented, they manufactured, they

bought and sold, they established colonies, they dominated inferior people. They were sometimes accused of dishonesty in their dealing, the balances of deceit were often in their hands, but they accomplished wonderful things, considering their age and surroundings. The more active they became, the more they admired activity. The more they accomplished, the more they loved accomplishment. The richer they grew, the more they worshiped riches. The more they dominated, the more they idolized domination. "The balances of deceit are in his hand," said the prophet, "he loves to oppress." Their great cities were Tyre on the Island and Sidon by the Sea. In history they are called Tyrians; but the people of Israel called them Canaanites. And Israel became Canaan.

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This is the Dream of Israel:

They, too, were wonderful; God chose them to be—or rather to become—his own people. "In thy seed," He said, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." He chose them to become the intellectual teachers, the moral guides, the religious leaders of the world. Instead of following that high destiny, they fell in love with material and industrial prosperity. They became the merchants, traders, financiers, money-men of the

world. They were accused by the prophet of dishonest dealing, of carrying the balances of deceit in their hands. This they denied; they said, "Surely I am become rich, I have found wealth; in all my labors they shall find in me no iniquity." This, however, they did not deny, that their accomplishments had ceased to be great in spiritual things, and that they had realized financial prosperity instead. Called to be a spiritual and moral blessing in the world, they had become traffickers, brokers, bankers, money-men. They had ceased to be Israel mighty with God, and had become Canaan, master of gold. Israel had become Canaan.

.

This is the Dream of the Modern World:

We were called by Jesus Christ to be ambassadors for Him, to beseech men in his stead and in his name to be reconciled to God. Jesus said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." But to-day the Christian nations own the earth and dominate the world. Our ships would have seemed more like mountains than boats to the people of Tyre. Our stores of merchandise, our systems of exchange, our hoards of gold, our many cunning inventions make the world of all previous generations look crude and meager. We claim that this is good and

right; but there is a suspicion that corporations have the balances of deceit in their hands, and that some owning stock in those same corporations have heard—or profess to have heard—the call of the Lowly Man of Nazareth who said, “If any man would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.” Nations that claim the name Christian are the rich nations, the powerful nations, and sometimes the nations that love to oppress. Whatever means efficiency, whatever means prosperity, whatever means increase of material wealth and earthly greatness, those are the things we admire.

Is Israel becoming Canaan? Are the money changers in the Temple? Are we Canaanizing Christianity? Are we even trying to make ourselves believe that Christ was a Canaanite, that he came to distribute food and clothing and to give shelter to the people?

And the Dreamer saw a new Prophet—perhaps a new School of the Prophets—that would teach us how to reconcile what seems conflicting, who would teach us that Canaan perished, not because she was wealthy, but because she was wicked; that all wealth and prosperity and power are good, when rightly employed; that we must protect the weak, maintain righteousness and liberty on earth, give the blessings of physical comfort, intellectual

quickenings, wholesome life, and spiritual understanding to all the world; that we must bend our energies, employ our efficiency, wear out our wealth in securing the Kingdom on earth—that is, the regnancy of God in human affairs.

The remedy for Canaanization is consecration.

The holy seed by heaven's peculiar grace
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.

Tyre mocked when Salem fell; where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations, thick as waves,
Burst o'er her walls, to Ocean doomed and fire:
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned merchant's graves.

—*Keble.*

SELLING THE CHURCH

CHAPTER XII

SELLING THE CHURCH

The Dreamer read:

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,

Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.

. . . The world was void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,

Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay."

Thus the Poet dreamed a hundred years ago. Another, not a poet, dreams to-day,—a Dream which is not all a dream.

The leaders of men became so bold that they feared nothing, so wise that they criticized everything; nothing was exempt from trial and examination, nothing too sacred for condemnation. The mass of the people became a great jury to pass upon the decision of the leaders,—or rather a Court of last Resort to confirm or reverse the judgment of the Experts. One day, the Church was brought into Court, charged with insolvency.

"The Church is not paying its debts," said the Expert. "Who has anything to say in confirmation of this statement, or who has any unpaid claims to present?"

The Common Man came forward. "The Church," he said, "has had much sympathy for us, she has consoled us in trouble, buried our dead, and tried to make us believe there is a better world. But she is not giving us what we really want. If she would bring us hot dinners when we are working away from home, and give us free picture shows on Sunday, then she would be paying her debt. Let the Church furnish us bread and circuses, or declare herself a bankrupt. If she is really sold, we hope somebody will buy her for us. We could use the buildings for music halls, club houses, billiard rooms and swimming pools. Unless the Church pays us what she owes, let her be sold."

Then came the Civilizer. "The Church," he said, "has done much valuable pioneer service. She has gone where no one else would work, carrying the spade and the hoe, the hammer and the saw, as well as the Bible and the spelling-book. She has put a moral restraint around evil men, stronger than prison bars. Truly she has been a great help to me. But she charges too much for her services. She demands, for instance, one day

in every seven for herself, and that breaks up my business. True, she is not getting her day free from interruption in many communities, but the charge against her on this account is a large one. And she hinders in various ways, protesting in the name of purity and righteousness against some things which are a source of strength and power. Let the Church be sold, and let her debts be paid."

Treading on the heels of the Civilizer, came the Trader. "It is quite true, what the last speaker has told you," he said, "only it is more my business than his. Trade is the one great fact and factor in human progress. Other animals build houses, make roads, lay up stores for the winter, defend their own and rob others, but man is the only animal that trades. So if human interests are to be maintained, trade must be free. Now the Church, as a pioneer and teacher and builder, has stimulated trade—in fact, everywhere the Church has been good for business. But in other ways we have found the Church a burden. She talks too much about truthfulness and honesty, about labeling packages exactly according to what they contain, about the sinfulness of selling things that are injurious, and other similar follies and unreasonable demands. When she cannot influence men to follow her advice in these matters, she endeavors to secure the passage of laws that will

compel them to obey. Some of us have actually been fined for selling packages marked a pound when they contained but fourteen ounces. We have charged all this against the Church. Let the Church be sold, that payment may be made."

Just then, a taller, larger, more commanding figure crowded in behind the speaker. "That little fellow tells the truth," said Big Business, "though he is of but small account. The Captains of Industry are Supermen; we count for something in the world. All the great achievements of modern civilization should be credited to us. The Church, in some respects, has been helpful, and might have done much more. For the Church teaches men to think great thoughts and look on all sides of a subject. But as we have grown larger, we find the Church in our way. She tries to keep us from crushing the weak and the poor; she protests against watering stock and wrecking railroads; she denounces the large investors when they shear the innocent little lambs. True, the Church has made practically no headway against Big Business, and we would not be small enough to hand in any bill for damages. But we would like to see the Church sold and placed in the hands of some one who would make her what we think a Church ought to be."

Next came the Strange Woman. "The

Church," she said, "has always pitied us, but has never helped us. Her word to us since the days of the Master has always been, 'Rise, go thy way and sin no more.' That is not helping us, except on condition that we consent to become something different from what we are. So the Strange Woman, unless she ceases to be the Strange Woman, never receives anything from the Church. Nevertheless, we generally speak kindly of the Church; though she never helps us, we have often contributed to her support. She owes us a heavy debt. She has commanded us to change our lives, and when we refused, she has hunted us from town to town, turned the public opinion of the community against us, denounced the men that supported us, and tried to ruin our business. We do not ask that damages be paid us, but we would breathe easier and live more prosperously, if the Church could be sold out. We hope whoever buys her will give us the music and the buildings; we could use them in our business."

Next came Liquor Traffic. "My daughter," he said, "has stated her troubles mildly, for she is gentle, quiet, and uncomplaining. My charge against the Church is a severe one. The Church for many years has done me nothing but harm. Of course, when the missionaries have opened up countries where savages had previously dwelt,

trade has entered, and our business has prospered, along with others. But the Church is always against us. Of course we have friends in the Church,—there are some preachers that assist us in our business. But those are few and growing less in number every year, while our debits against her are multiplied. We ask—we demand—that the Church be sold. When the sale occurs, we propose to buy her. She has injured us so much that our claim against her is overwhelming, so we can buy the whole easier than the other creditors. Another reason is that we have enormous wealth and we are accustomed to a large expense account in the pushing of our business. We have bought artists, authors, editors and professors by the hundreds, some of them men in high official position, including legislators and governors. Now we will buy the Church, and that will cut down all our other expenses to a small figure.”

The Press was the next to present his own claims. “The first book printed in America was a Bible,” he said, “and ever since the Church and the Press have been closely connected. But the Church did not publish Bibles to help the Press, but for the strengthening of her own work. On the other hand, the Church owes the Press for an immense amount of advertising,—in fact, if the modern Church were cut off from the Press, she

would surely die. Instead of paying this great debt, the Church often makes us trouble by criticising the newspapers and objecting to the circulation of certain books. As there is no prospect that our claim will ever be paid, we would like to see the Church at least put in the hands of a receiver. We would not like to see her destroyed, but clearly some change is needed. We have not vast wealth like Liquor Traffic with which to buy the Church, but we would like to be appointed as a receiver, or head of a syndicate for the purchase,—the Press, of course, should be General Manager of the property, for everybody knows that the Press is the only agency in the country that really understands how the Church should be conducted.”

After him the Theater stepped forward. “The Church has done much for me,” he said. “The Church in England gave Miracle Plays for centuries before I came, and she thus taught the people their need of me. The choir boys of the Church were permitted to exhibit my dramas when a professional actor was an outcast beyond protection of the law. But, nowadays, the Church is against me. She has inflicted all the wrongs upon me of which my brother, the Press, has spoken, only in my case they have been multiplied. The Church denounces much that is innocent and wholesome, she opposes my using Sunday, when the

people are at leisure to attend my exhibitions,—in fact, sometimes she suggests banishing me altogether, as did the early Church in Rome, and as was attempted in England after Shakespeare. I serve the public better than the Church. My actors always learn their lines and rehearse them over and over, while the preacher is expected to speak his own weak thoughts. Some churches repeat the same prayers for a hundred years, but a play never runs more than a hundred nights in succession, and—”

At this point he was interrupted by Moving Pictureshow, who pushed himself directly in front of the Press and the Theater. “I belong to the same family,” he cried eagerly, “and this one,”—nodding towards the Theater,—“is my twin brother.” The Press made up a face, but the Theater turned his back and pretended not to hear, but Pictureshow continued unabashed: “I agree with every word they say. I would like to join the syndicate, proposed by the Press for the management of the Church. There was a time when Religious Services were needed, but now that everybody has the Sunday Paper Colored Supplement, they have no use for sermons. I would like to specify that the church buildings be turned over to us. We can use them in our business. Not one Pictureshow in a thousand is as well housed as

the average church. It is a shame for ventilated rooms to be wasted on prayers and sermons, when they might be used for something real bloody, or actually funny."

The Art Brothers were the next witnesses. They interrupted one another impolitely, but their pleas expressed a common complaint. Architecture declared that the Church had once been his strongest support; in her company he had built his finest monuments. Now, however, the Church wants a roof to cover an auditorium that must have light, heat, ventilation, seating capacity, and acoustic properties. She is even falling in love with tabernacles of undressed pine, built to accommodate ten thousand people for a month, then sold to a wrecking company. Sculpture declared the Church cared for nothing nowadays except, occasionally, a wooden eagle on a lectern, or a stone basin on a peripatetic pedestal. Painting said his best work had been done for the Church, but now she had forgotten him, except for a new coat of calcimine once a lustrum. Music quoted from a great composer that "It was the Incarnation which gave birth to song." Yes, he acknowledged the Church as his mother, but his work is no longer a labor of love, for she has ceased to inspire him or treat him affectionately. She has made him her hired man; and her appreciation is little and her

wages meager. All agreed that the Church ought to be sold.

After the Art Brothers came College with his family, Philosopher, Historian, Scientist, Scholar, Vocational Training and others.

"The Church is no longer fit to do business as a leader of intellectual people," said Scholar. "She has too much sentiment, too much emotion. Her office must be handed over to—"

"Not to you!" cried Philosopher. "You deal in knowledge that is labeled, catalogued, and laid away to rust. A true leader must be a man of theories and arguments—"

"But if theories and arguments are of any use," broke in Scientist, "they must be founded upon facts, not facts of word or book or fancy, but exact facts, such facts as are investigated and established in the laboratory and nowhere else. My charge against the Church is that she has opposed Me in my work. True, she is friendly enough now, but the old debt still stands against her with accrued interest. She persecuted the scientists—"

"Nonsense!" said History. "The Church was not to blame! Your doctors disagreed among themselves, and some of them dragged in the Church, trying to use her as a makeweight on their side in the argument. The trouble with the

Church is that she puts the Bible above my books, and so—”

“One book is as good as another when both talk about things that happened thousands of years ago!” sneered Vocational Training. “The trouble with the Church—like the trouble with many other leaders,—” and he looked around significantly upon his brothers of the College Family—“the trouble with the Church is that she doesn’t teach about the necessary things of daily life, how to get a living—”

“Hush! Hush!” cried College, trying to tap an imaginary bell. “This is not a Faculty Meeting. This is a Court of Justice. I used to live with the Church. In fact for centuries the Church was my support. Sometimes she claims to be my parent. I am sure she is old enough. But in these days she has become unnecessary. I have charged against her on my books many millions which ought to have gone to support me and my family. In fact, all she has belongs to me. I will take the buildings and endowments and do all the Church work, so far as such work is needed.”

After this noisy family had been quieted, Politician spoke. “The Church will not be destroyed,” he said, “so long as I am in the saddle. I have won many elections by promising to oppose the enemies of the Church. In several other ways she

has helped me win. But sometimes she is independent, and claims to have a conscience, and causes me to lose. The Church must live, but she must belong to me. I will have the useless and troublesome appendix—what some call conscience—removed by a surgical operation, and keep her for election purposes. Then there will be no apparent change, and no tearing to pieces of established orders, no abolishing of ancient customs, or profaning of sacred symbols, as has been suggested by these others. The Church must be mine. I need her in my business.”

Next came the King. All the others looked upon him with awe and reverence until he began to speak, then they saw that he was a very common man. “I own the Church already,” he said. “Do you not remember the words of my ancient title, ‘All things for the Church, and the Church for Cæsar’? Who ever heard of a King without a Church? You talk about a Church without a King in America, but that must be a mistake. The Church has helped me; but I, for my part, have helped the Church. I have imprisoned and tortured and put to death thousands of heretics to please the Church. My claim is a first mortgage—”

At this point the King was pushed aside by a rough hand. “Who dares,—” he began.

"I dare!" said War. "Even rulers are subject to me. I set up kings and I throw them down. I sometimes make a nation worship one of them, and again I mock him and take away his crown. I will do the same with the Church. The Church has helped me often, she has furnished some of the bravest soldiers that ever served me on the battlefield. In fact, when I am at work the Church always helps me. But when I am idle, she denounces me, calling me the fiercest robber, the greatest plunderer, and a wholesale murderer. I fear the time is coming when the words of the Church may make some impression upon the world. Then it might be impossible for me to secure a job of any kind. The Church and War cannot live permanently in the same world. She may build, but I will burn until one or the other shall have ceased to claim the earth."

The Expert consulted with his friends, but no one cared to make a plea in defense, so the decree was issued that the Church, being bankrupt, should be sold at auction. The people did not object, so the sale was announced.

The King attempted to protest on the ground that his was a preferred claim, and that the Church should be delivered over to him without ceremony. The others jeered at him as they cried:

"This is America, Kings have no rights here."

"But the Church is in Europe," protested the King.

"The Church is everywhere," they answered. "But it cannot be sold anywhere unless it is first sold in America. Away with the King. He has no place in this Court."

Now, while the trial had been going on, the Dreamer had watched with interest one spectator who kept himself constantly in the shadow, but whose expression was somewhat striking. He was neatly dressed in conventional black; the ends of his dark mustache pointed towards the tops of his ears; and his rectilinear brows slanted upward from their meeting-place. His restless eyes seemed to take in everything, and once or twice the Dreamer fancied that he whispered in the ear of one who was about to make a complaint before the Expert. But his movements were so quick as to be uncertain to the eye of the spectator. He never spoke aloud, but a cynical smile was seen about the corners of his mouth as one of the complainants spoke of buying the Church. When the time for the sale arrived, this Dark One drew a little nearer to the center of the crowd, and searched every face with his keen and masterly glance.

The Common Man and the Civilizer were a little disconcerted when the decision was announced,

but they were reminded that both had witnessed and argued in favor of the sale. They offered their claims against the Church as the first bid, but the Trader laughed as he proposed a large sum of money.

The Art Brothers, the College Family, the Press, the Modern Theater, and the Pictureshow, all wished to bid, but they had no money—they could offer only their own wares, and no one would accept these at the owners' valuation.

War tried to bid, but he had wasted all his substance and the fruit of all his plunder, as well as all that oppressive taxation could squeeze out of the World's treasuries. He muttered something about taking the property from whoever might buy it. Then the Dark One smiled again.

Politician made them all gasp when he offered thousands of official appointments, as well as high elective positions, and graft beyond computation. "It is an extravagant price," he said, "but I must have the Church; I need her in my business."

Then Big Business laughed long and loud. "Did you think to out-bid me?" he cried. Coming forward, he laid upon the desk before the auctioneer, bonds, stocks, and deeds innumerable, and gold and silver uncounted. "I think I will take the Church," he said.

Liquor Traffic chuckled as he presented a cer-

tified check. "I offer you," he said, "half the revenues of twenty nations as a perpetual income, if I may have the Church." Big Business shrugged his shoulders, and the others nodded assent.

Suddenly all eyes were turned to the Dark One who spoke for the first time, and one could but note his mocking smile of triumph and air of authority, in spite of his soft speech and gentle manner.

"I, too, have a check," he said. "I offer all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

"What will you do with the Church, now that she is yours?" inquired Big Business.

"My first intention," replied the Dark One, "was to keep the Church, have her serve me, and conduct all her affairs in my own interests. I have changed my mind, and have decided to destroy her. She will be imprisoned for the present."

The Church was sold! There were little children with no Pastor to bless them; there was no Sunday School to interest them in music and prayer and right living. There were no church bells to remind men and women that the Lord's Day had come again. Soon there was no Lord's Day. People played for a time on that day, but by and by the poor for the most part were asked to work that they might minister to the pleasure

of the rich. Young people fell in love and planned a home of their own, but there was no divine blessing invoked at their wedding, and love became something less sacred, less holy, than before. Men died. Sometimes a friend spoke words of appreciation, but a burial became a gloomy ceremony, when there was no longer some one to repeat the Divine Message, "I am the resurrection and the life." Some wrote books with high and noble thoughts, but more and more men turned the leaves hastily, saying, "What is the use?" Less and less men tried to pray, for they said, "If there is a God, his interest in this world has been sold out." Not only a spiritual but also an intellectual stupor came upon human life. They might have established educational and industrial centers among the ignorant and savage people when there were no longer missionaries to maintain them in connection with religious work; but they did not. Gradually there was a falling down of the various organizations for improving the conditions of the people, for they had drawn the most of their inspiration from the Church and the most of their funds from those that worship in the Sanctuary.

One said, "What does it mean to live?" and another answered, "What does it mean to die?"

One said, "What is the use of living?" and another answered, "What is the use of dying?"

One said, "Why should I live?" and another answered, "Why should I die?"

One said, "I do not want to live," and another answered, "I do not want to die." When the Pilates—no longer with a sneer, but with deep anxiety—inquired, "What is truth?" there was no Church to repeat the words of the Master, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

The Day of Life seemed dull and gloomy, and the Night of Death dark and long. Men drank deep and sang,

"Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies;
Here's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies."

Liquor Traffic counted his piles of gold and chuckled as he said to himself, "I have cheated the Devil himself. I have all that I could have obtained had I bought the Church, and he has paid the bills."

Then the people sang a slow, mournful song and this is the minor strain they chanted:

"The City is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night; for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold, grey air;

The moon and stars may shine with scorn and pity;
The sun has never visited that city.

.
“The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.”

But, thank God, the Dream did not end in despair. After a time, it was noised abroad that the check paid for the Church had been protested, that the purchaser had defrauded the Expert. The Kingdoms of this World and the Glory of them did not belong to the Dark One. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Kingdoms and thrones belong to Him also, and He has given them to his Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

Moreover, the Church was bought long ago—long before the World's Trial and Judgment and Condemnation,—long before the complaining millions of men entered their debits against her. The Church was bought and paid for; and no authority on earth can condemn her to the auction block, and give the purchaser a valid title. The payment was a fraud; the sale also was a fraud.

Many times has the Expert imagined that he was selling the Church, while the people cried out, "Crucify Her!" Many times has the Dark One claimed that he had bought the Church. But still the Church goes on, stumbling over a rough road and making many mistakes, but still working deeds of mercy, still calling men to virtue and honesty, still crying out in the wilderness, "Repentance and Life," holding up before men's brightening eyes that Hope which is big with Immortality.

This is the Church of God which He hath purchased with his own blood.

Was sich dem Nichts entgegenstellt,
Das Etwas, diese plumpte Welt,
So viel als ich schon internommen,
Ich wuszte nicht ihr beizukommen,
Mit Wellen, Stuermen, Schuetteln, Brand,
Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land!

—*Mephistopheles, in Goethe's Faust.*

THE FALLING TOWER

CHAPTER XIII

THE FALLING TOWER

Jerusalem is a city of many dreams. If we close our eyes a moment we see the flat roofs, the tiny domes, the ghostly white olive trees outside the crumbling walls, the hoary mountains round about Jerusalem. The people come and go with varying life—now sluggish and indolent, now fierce and turbulent, always self-righteous and intolerant. Pontius Pilate sits on the judgment seat with the Roman soldiers beside him—those men of steely hearts, fearless minds, and unerring muscles. Pilate, calm and contemptuous, despises the people, yet knows he must be careful in dealing with them; and the people hate him and also fear him, for he is their ruler, and he is Rome! They and he watch each the other like two wild beasts, ready to spring and rend.

The Dreamer saw that, at a certain time, the water supply of the city was insufficient, and Pilate decided to build a new aqueduct to bring in an additional provision. But there was no public revenue over and above other expenses that could be used for this purpose. So Pilate issued an arbitrary command. There would be, he told the

people, no need of more water in the city but for the fact that so much was used in the cleansing ceremonies and purifications of the Temple. The new aqueduct was for the Temple, there was money in the Temple treasury, therefore the Temple must pay for the aqueduct.

Then the Jews protested that the gold and silver in the Temple was sacred; it was the tax on Jewish manhood—not the ordinary Roman tax for national or municipal purposes—but the tax which the people assessed against themselves to maintain their own religious institutions; the fund also included freewill offerings from devout Jews scattered abroad in many lands. The gold of the Temple was holy; to use it for such a purpose was like profaning the Sanctuary.

They grew more and more excited. Their hot arguments became angry words and fierce denunciations. But Pilate was like granite. He would not argue, he scorned even to laugh at them, but carried forward without hesitation the work as he had planned. The Scribes and Pharisees and Priests and people could do naught but curse.

When the workmen, paid from the Temple treasury, began to dig within the city, multitudes followed and reviled them. These people durst not resort to force or perform any deed of violence, for the stern Roman soldiers were on guard.

But though they feared to throw missiles with their hands, they poured forth the vilest words that lips could frame, and followed the workmen day after day, threatening them with the tortures of those condemned to eternal punishment.

One day, when these workmen were digging a little too near the Tower of Siloam, a portion of the foundation was undermined, the earth crumbled, some of the wall fell upon the workmen, and killed eighteen of them. Then the Pharisees and the mob of their followers shouted in fierce triumph.

“God,” they said, “has shown strength with his arm. The wicked are snared in the work of their own hands. The Lord did smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips hath He slain the wicked. Those men of iniquity have perished who worked for gold and silver taken from the Temple. Thus shall all be punished that sin against God and his Holy Place.”

Now, in those days there was a young Rabbi from Galilee sojourning in Jerusalem, who had become well known to the people because of his healing the sick and his sympathizing with the sinful. As He passed along the streets of Jerusalem with his disciples, mention was made of this punishment God had inflicted upon the guilty men

who took as hire the gold which was supposed to sanctify the Temple. The young Master listened to what was said, and then He spoke:

“And those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay. But except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.”

The Master bowed his head as he spoke, and the Dreamer saw warm tears drop into the dust. But the Dreamer did not hear any word from the Master retracting or modifying the solemn warning—a thousandfold more solemn because it came from divine lips of Infinite Love.

Such is the paths of all who leave God,
And the wicked man's hope shall die,
He who trusts in a fragile thing,
And a spider's house is his hope.
He leans on his house and it stands not;
He grasps it, it doth not endure.

—*Gilbert's Job.*

THE CITY OF DREADFUL HUNGER

CHAPTER XIV

THE CITY OF DREADFUL HUNGER

The Dreamer saw a great city covering hills and plains. In the mountains above were gold and iron; in the sea beneath, corals and pearls. Within this city were beautiful gardens, rare works of art, halls of learning, and temples of music. The wisdom of ages was written on her records, and the wealth of continents hidden in her vaults. Many ships came to that imperial city, ships sailing in the air and on the sea, and under the sea. It represented the grandest, most successful of all human building.

But the people of that city were hungry. There was famine in that land. Men walked the streets tottering with consuming weakness; women bowed their heads and wept; little emaciated children sobbed for want of food. Death stalked among them unhindered, for man had no power to resist him.

Now, there was a great King far away who heard of their trouble, and pitied them so much that he spread generous tables just outside the city, and sent messengers to tell the starving people that

they might come and eat, without money and without price.

"Not now," said one, "I will eat the King's food by and by."

Another looked up with hollow eyes, but looked down again with scowling brows, shaking his head. "It cannot be true," he growled. "It is not reasonable that a great King would do such a thing as that. It is a trick to deceive us."

"Yes," muttered a third, "if He really wishes to feed us, let Him bring the food nearer."

"I don't believe the food offered is such as we like," grumbled still another. "The King should have asked us what we desired and provided us with that, if He is really kind and wishes to save us from starvation."

So they croaked and fretted and snarled; and few indeed accepted the Great Invitation. Yet the generous King's heart was still filled with pity. He loved them in spite of their refusal. So He sent his Only Son, hoping that the perishing people would hear Him and believe his word.

At first they listened, then sneered, then became angry. Finally they seized Him and beat Him, dragged Him outside the city wall, and crucified Him.

Meantime, some of those who had heeded the invitation and had gone to the table returned and

testified that all which had been told of it was true. "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good," they said.

But still many millions in that City are dying of hunger. Still they refuse to eat, drink and live. They feed upon the ghastly ashes of virtue and the loathsome husks of sin. Sometimes they fight with one another over their wretched fare, and blood flows in the streets of the City. But always the table of the King is loaded with the Bread of Life, and that which is Meat indeed, and with the Fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. But still men die of hunger and still they refuse the King's table, and still they hear the Voice crying, if they will but listen, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take of the Water of Life freely."

Try what repentance can: what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

—*Shakespeare.*

THE THREE CROSSES

CHAPTER XV

THE THREE CROSSES

The Dreamer saw a thief hiding among the thorn scrubs—he was more than a thief, he was an outlaw, a malefactor, a doer of evil deeds. He was brave in battle, but he did not hesitate to strike the unarmed in the dark, nor to torture his captives, that they might be induced to reveal the secret of their hidden gold. But the Roman soldiers, whom no danger could deter, no labor dishearten, and no failure discourage, hunted him like a wild beast over the hills, tracked him as they might track a lone wolf from thicket to thicket and from cave to cave among the rocks. Finally he was surrounded, loaded with chains, driven to Jerusalem, thrown into a dungeon, sentenced to death, dragged to a hill outside the walls, and nailed to a cross.

He dies as he had lived. There is an innocent man beside him whom the creatures of the rabble choose to revile, and this malefactor joins his voice with theirs in insults and curses—spends his last breath in trying to injure another, in trying to make more bitter the dying moments of an innocent man. Thus his life goes out in pain, in

failure, in wickedness, and in darkness. Over his cross there is an inscription in old Latin letters; but it is dim and cannot be read. The dream alphabet, however, speaks clearly:

“This is the Cross of Retribution.”

Near by is another cross. On this is hung another criminal, another malefactor. So far as the Dreamer knows, this second malefactor is just as deep-dyed in wickedness. At first he joins with the rabble in reviling the innocent Man beside him. But as the moments,—each like hours because so crowded with pain—drag on, and morning becomes noon, and the brightness of noon fades into an aged day, there is something in the attitude of the Man who is praying for his executioners that attracts the malefactor’s attention. The love of Him who dies for the ungodly, the heroism of Him who bears the sins of the world, impress themselves upon the criminal so forcibly that they break through the outer shell of crime and cruelty, and pierce down deep into the secret and self-forgotten corners of his soul. Chords begin to vibrate that had been silent for many years. Finally, before the last great agony, he turns to this Man of Power and Love with one great cry for help. It is little that he asks—just remembrance,—little that he has to give—just the crucifixion of pride and resurrection of faith,—but he gives all he

has ; and He who knows the hearts of all men says it is enough. Over this cross we read the inscription :

“The Cross of Repentance.”

Between these two is another Cross—the Cross of the Innocent Sufferer—the Cross of Him who knew no sin but was made sin for us. He saw the sorrow and shame of the world, and his heart yearned to help us, and He saw that the only way to help us was to become one of us, to enter into the sorrow, to share the pain, to place himself under the load of human sin and shame, side by side with the guilty. But He knew that if He did this, weak men would misunderstand Him, wicked men would hate Him, they would buffet his body, they would break his heart, they would nail Him to a Cross. Since He saw all this and yet came to save the people from their sins, we say that He bore our sins in his own body on the Tree. Whatever the Roman governor may have written over this cross, we read :

“This is the Cross of Redemption”—redemption through suffering and sacrifice.

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The sun sets, Pilate washes his hands, but the crosses are still there. The wall of Jerusalem is broken down,—the Crosses are still there. The Roman Empire is torn into fragments,—the

Crosses are still there. We look again, through the gray vista of centuries,—the Crosses are still there, throwing, their long dark shadows athwart the highways and byways of human life—and through these shadows the sons of men must walk,—the Cross of Retribution, the Cross of Repentance, the Cross of Redemption.

.
The Dreamer sees every sinner on Calvary. He sees every malefactor crucified. He sees every sin, if it be not removed through repentance and forgiveness, bearing a bitter fruit of pain and sorrow. The murderer does his work and goes his way, but from the blood of his victim Nemesis arises and follows, a sleepless shadow, through forest, field and forum, through halls of learning and haunts of leprosy; and if it overtake him not, before Death lays a heavy hand upon his heart, it lies down beside him in the grave, to arise, to follow, to find him in the unknown regions of the World called Hereafter.

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But the case of the malefactor is by no means hopeless. There is the other cross, the Cross of Repentance. The Cross means sorrow and pain, but it also means being side by side with Jesus. Had that thief who repented succeeded in escaping his pursuers, it would have been a fatal mis-

fortune. It was God's great blessing to him that the strong arm of the Law seized him, that he was hurried to Jerusalem, condemned and punished. Blessed was his failure, blessed was his capture, blessed were the shame and pain of his condemnation, blessed was his punishment, blessed the torture of crucifixion, blessed the pain of an awakening conscience; blessed all these, because they brought him near to the Saviour. Man may never meet Jesus along the road of useless and meaningless suffering, for He never walked that path; but there is no such thing as salvation without repentance, and repentance is a form of suffering, for it means acknowledging error, confessing wrong, tearing out evils from the heart, and going down into the valley of humiliation. Thus only we find the place where Christ dwells. We cannot even track his footsteps without taking up a cross to follow Him. Blessed are our crosses, for they bring us face to face with ourselves, and side by side with Jesus.

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The Dreamer looked about among the sons and daughters of men, and saw some of them bearing the Cross of Redemption—the cross of helpfulness through suffering. John and James came to Jesus asking for the two places nearest Him in the Kingdom.

"Are ye able," He said, "to drink the cup that I am about to drink?"

And they said, "We are able."

And He said, "The cup that I drink ye shall drink; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized." These words are not a rebuke, much less a condemnation, but the conferring of a favor. They asked what He could not grant, but He gave them all they could receive, the privilege of fellowship with Him in his suffering for the salvation of the world. This is the true Call of the Cross,—not punishment, not merely the salvation of one shriveled up little soul, but gladness of burden-bearing, side by side with Him who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross.

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The Dreamer looks far away to distant fields of carnage. There are seen men crushed, broken, tortured, destroyed, twenty million bound to a Cross. Some have been brought there by selfish ambition, unholy greed, or heathen hatred. Theirs is the Cross of Retribution. Others have left the old path of personal comfort and selfish success, the path that means nothing and leads nowhere,—left it that they might help to do what needs to be done, to do a man's work and take a man's pay, even though it be a shattered body

or a painful death,—like Him of whom it was said:

“Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.”

They are bearing the Cross of Repentance.

Others have come in obedience to what they believe to be the law of Righteousness, the law of Holiness. Mistaken sometimes they may be, but they honestly believe they have come to save their country from slavery, the world from oppression, and the future from a curse. They are bearing the Cross of Redemption, the Cross of Sacrifice, the Cross that is heavy with the sins of the world. In the midst of death they are in Life; in the midst of hate, they are in Love; for “Greater love knows no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

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The Dreamer saw the making of the Crosses, and he who forged the nails had the name “Sin” burned into his forehead. It was Sin that joined them together piece by piece; it was Sin that erected them on the skull-shaped Hill outside Jerusalem; the Cross of Retribution, the Cross of Repentance, the Cross of Redemption. It was Sin that nailed the condemned to these crosses: the wicked man, the repentant man, the Perfect

Man. Sin stands beside those Crosses, his completed work, while Golgotha frowns upon Mt. Zion. As long as Sin abides on earth, the road that every man must travel passes over Calvary.

The question of this Age is not, "Will you bear a cross?" No man can escape the Cross. The question is, "Which Cross will you bear?"

The Dreamer sees these Crosses as they top the Calvary of the Ages. The Cross of Retribution is in darkness; it stands upon the edge of an abyss; and the depth of that abyss no man knows. The Cross of Repentance is also in the darkness; but above it is a light like the Star of Bethlehem. Now a faint gleam shines down from the Star and touches the Cross of Repentance. It brightens! Lo! it has become that mysterious Stairway which Jacob saw, its foot upon earth and its top in heaven. For the Cross of Repentance marks the entrance of the Way which leads to Paradise.

The Dreamer looks again! the shadows are lifting. It is no longer a dream, but a Vision,—a Vision of the Future! The Cross of Retribution is fading away, or rather it is blending with the Cross of Repentance; for every knee is bowing and every tongue is confessing. There is no more Retribution.

Look once more! The Cross of Repentance is

blending with the Cross of Redemption. Men no longer cry out for Paradise, but for Christ-likeness.

“Deformed, reformed, transformed, conformed.”

The Cross is no longer a symbol of pain, of burden, of humiliation; but it has become a beacon of Blessedness, a Diadem of Beauty, a Crown of Glory.

“For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

Is this but a dream? The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.

Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those bleeding feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

—*Shakespeare.*

THREE HEAVENS

CHAPTER XVI

THREE HEAVENS

The Dreamer saw Paul the Apostle, Paul great of mind, great in activity, great of soul; and Paul was in trouble. Some flippant and shallow Christian teachers could not or would not recognize overmastering greatness. They stung him with slur and ridicule and criticism, until the intellectual and spiritual giant was pained by the arrows of Lilliput. Some of his own dear children in the Faith seemed inclined to accept these silly estimates of Paul,—that he did not do much, did not know much, was not a finished orator, had never seen the Master, was not a man of vision and spiritual insight.

Paul did not want flattery. He had never heard the saying, "I love thee freely as men strive for right. I love thee purely as they turn from praise." He did not need to hear it. It was his own sentiment. Only those are really free who strive for right; only those truly pure, who turn from praise. Much less would a pure man boast; he had told his people that a boaster is a fool. But the time had come when he must play the part

of a fool to maintain the importance of his work and the honor of his Master. So he told them in a few clear-cut words about the labors he had performed, the dangers he had faced, and the pain he had endured. None of these shallow-pated little fault-finders had experienced anything like that.

Then he turned to visions and dreams. Here he hesitated as one knowing that the last boast of noble-minded man would be a boast of his own religious experience. It hurts to be a fool even for Christ's sake, but he goes on. He does not enter into detail as he had done concerning his dangers and labors. He might have told the story of repeated supernatural visitations that gave guidance and promised protection. He chooses to speak of one experience only, one so far beyond human apprehension, that with it nothing else can be compared.

"I knew a man in Christ," he says, "above fourteen years ago (whether in the body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth), such an one caught up to the third heaven."

Paul was a Dreamer; he dreamed of Three Heavens. If another Dreamer could idealize that dream, how marvelous the glory of the triple vision! But the present Dreamer dreams his own dreams.

The Dreamer sees a man of hate; his hatred is that bitter variety known as religious fanaticism. He is earnest, energetic, talented and determined. Not satisfied with the death of his leading opponent and the virtual suppression of what he calls heresy in Jerusalem, the city of his residence, he is on his way to Damascus to continue his bloody inquisition, and to find if possible any of the new faith and hale them to prison. On his way to Damascus he hears a voice and sees a light. Ever after that he is truthful, honest, kind and helpful, pure in heart and consecrated in life. All his talents, his learning, his energy, his activity are multiplied, and to the sum of the product is added a consuming desire to turn men and women into the right way,—not to kill them for going wrong, not to drive them with rods and stones, but to win them with cool reason and warm affection. He is no longer a man of hate, but a man of love, and he journeys from city to city and from land to land, seeking for the precious souls of men and women that may be added to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, as a miser seeks for golden nuggets, goodly pearls and sparkling diamonds. Something went out of that man's heart, and something has come in, something pleasant, and beautiful, and glorious, the image of the divine upon

an individual human soul. That is heaven, the First Heaven.

The Dreamer saw a sinful woman bowed down and weeping over her pain and shame. When the Master spoke kindly to her and told her to sin no more, the evil spirit departed, and Heaven—the First Heaven—came into her soul and abode there.

The Dreamer saw many, many more, some who are known to the world, others whose names are not written on any page of history,—a long procession of God's own, from diverse lands and varied generations, and a vast multitude now living on earth, and living that life which is hid with Christ in God. They live and love, they buy, sell and get gain, they eat, drink and are merry; but always are they ready to sacrifice—always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus. They are like other men on the outside, but within there is something which is not of earth earthy, and its meaning is writ deep upon their hearts. It is the First Heaven, the Heaven Within.

The Dreamer saw also the Second Heaven, which is the Heaven Around. It is the Heaven of God's will done on earth. It is earth without the curse of falsehood and covetousness and jealousy and hatred and unrestrained passion. It

is a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. In this Heaven man loves his brother, and nation loves nation; the strong nation deals with the weak as the Good Samaritan dealt with the fallen man on the Jericho Road. The weak, the hungry, the cold, and lonely among men and nations are cared for, and the individual conscience and collective conscience are void of offence before God and before man.

This is the Divine Spirit in possession of human life. Now we see not yet all things put under Him; but we dream it, this is our vision and our prophecy. And the Just, who live by Faith, are even now partakers of this heavenly life, dwellers in the Second Heaven, the Heaven Around.

Paul in his Dream saw the Third Heaven, the Heaven Beyond. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," Paul said. Yet Paul apprehended, for he added, "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." What Paul experienced he could not put into human language. Had he found words, it would have been unlawful for him to have uttered them.

This much the Dreamer read, and with the mes-

sage came the irresistible impulse to tell it so that all the world might hear:—He, and he only, who has experienced the First Heaven, the Heaven Within, and the Second Heaven, the Heaven Around, can be rapt from human interests, separated from earthly affairs, and caught up to the Third Heaven, the Heaven Beyond.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me
And answered, "I, myself, am Heaven and Hell."

—*Omar.*

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father
is this.

To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,
And to keep himself unspotted from the world.

—*James, a Servant of God.*

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality? . . .
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought.

—*Addison.*

LAST FIRST AND FIRST LAST

CHAPTER XVII

LAST FIRST AND FIRST LAST

“Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

Thus spoke the Judge, and the first to respond were the Scribes and Pharisees. They had taught the Law to others, they had tithed and fasted and prayed; they had been examples of holiness to their generation. So great and so good were they—in their own estimation—that the Kingdom of Heaven must be hungry for them; the spirits of just men made perfect, and even the angels of God, must be awaiting them eagerly. Moreover, they would be expected to enter first of all, so if they delayed, it would cause many others to wait. Therefore the Scribes and Pharisees came forward promptly—not hastening as though vulgarly eager to enter the Kingdom, but as though willing to prepare the way for the less worthy who were to follow.

Then came forward a company of men quite common in appearance. Their clothes were not mean or ragged, but for the most part, plain and

coarse. There were twelve in all, and the majority of them laborers.

Halt! cried the Scribes. These are men of earth. Some are fishermen. Their occupation makes them ceremonially unclean. Their presence now would profane the Kingdom. They must wait until their purification can be accomplished, as Moses commanded.

"Hinder them not!" said the Judge. "When I was on earth, they came to me willingly, and followed me faithfully. When others went back and walked no more with me, they testified all the more boldly, 'This is the Christ the Son of the Living God.' They were with me the last night of my life; some followed after I was arrested. They even came to the cenotaph to search for my body. Then, while you were disputing about jots and tittles or praying at the corners of the streets to be seen of men, these Twelve labored, journeyed and suffered, giving even their lives that my Gospel might grip the hearts of the people. Stand back! These are my chosen Learners and Teachers and Workers. They enter the Kingdom before you."

After the group of Twelve had passed on, there came one alone—like the others, and yet different. He was short of stature and evidently weak in body, but he walked with the stride of masterful energy and unerring confidence. There was noth-

ing of pride or haughtiness in his bearing, but rather the consciousness of Divine Presence and Spiritual Power. Every movement as he walked along seemed to confirm what his countenance expressed, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

When the Pharisees saw this man they scowled with anger. "Heretic!" they cried. "Apostate! This is Saul of Tarsus. He was trained in our schools and given the advantage of all our learning; then he turned against us. He betrayed his people, he made friends with the uncircumcised, he ate with the Gentiles. Let him not profane the Kingdom."

"You are wrong," replied the Judge. "That man is Paul, a Servant of Jesus Christ. While you and many others of your character were looking for honorable position in synagogue and society, nursing your own comfort and pleasure, this man whom you denounce had but one desire, the desire expressed by the first question of faith, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' He traveled weary roads, traversed rugged mountains, breasted angry rivers, and fought with beasts at Ephesus. He was shipwrecked, beaten with rods, pelted with stones, fettered with chains,—always bearing about in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus—and always successful in beseeching men,

in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. He comes as one born out of due time, a little after the others, but the greatest of them all, and one of earth's noblest heroes."

The Scribes and Pharisees, feeling the rebuke, waited respectfully while Paul the Apostle went before them; but ere there was time for them to move forward again, they found themselves surrounded by crowds of children. These Little Ones, light-hearted and joyous, were singing and laughing as they approached without fear.

"Halt!" cried the Pharisees. "Children are not allowed to stand before their elders. You do not understand the Law and the Prophets. You may, indeed, be taken into the Kingdom by us who are in authority, but by yourselves you cannot enter."

"Forbid them not!" spoke the firm voice of the Judge. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. These children have purity and faith, and realization of God's presence far beyond that of many seven times their age. They must go before you. And take heed to your ways. For except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Let the children pass on before the proud and self-righteous. A little child shall lead them. The streets of the Heavenly City shall be full of boys and of girls playing in the streets thereof."

Before the men with broad phylacteries had recovered from their surprise, they were pushed aside by a great crowd of men and women. These people were not intentionally rude, but by sheer force of numbers they took possession of all the available space on the path to the Kingdom. They had Jewish faces, but their clothing was that of foreign lands, and they spoke neither in Hebrew nor Greek, but in the many strange tongues of every nation under heaven.

"These," exclaimed the Pharisees, "are the Jews of the Dispersion. They are unfaithful to the Land of Promise, but dwell far away among the Gentiles. They have become traders and money changers in the far countries to which they have wandered, and many of them are rich. They do well to visit Jerusalem occasionally and offer gifts. They are Children of Abraham, and if they will sit at our feet and learn, we will teach them how they may purify themselves and become fit for the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Hold your peace," said the Judge with some trace of sternness. "These people had come to Jerusalem to worship when the Church was new and needed strong men and faithful women. You sat in the seat of the scornful, you walked in the counsel of the ungodly—you even persecuted those who were preaching news of Salvation. But these

people, who had lived among the Gentiles and had lacked the privileges of Temple and Synagogue which you had enjoyed—these people heard the word gladly; and the first day on which the apostles made a public appeal three thousand were added to the Church. They are right to go forward. They belong at the front.”

Before the Scribes and Pharisees had been able to collect their thoughts, there came another multitude of people, men and women and children. They were like the Jews in face and dress, and yet they were not Jews.

“Hold! hold!” cried the Pharisees, while their faces blazed with anger. “These Samaritans must not pollute the Holy Places. Children of Beliel! Offspring of demons, their breath is corruption! they must not enter!”

“Stand back!” said the Judge. “When I was here on earth there met me, one day, ten lepers, at the gates of a city. I told them where to go and what to do that they might be cleansed. And they were cleansed. A common misfortune had caused them to forget their race prejudices, so one of them was a Samaritan, and the Samaritan was the only one of the ten that came back to thank me. Once I journeyed through Samaria, and at noon I sat by Jacob’s Well, waiting for my disciples who had gone to purchase food; and

there came to the well a sinful Samaritan Woman. We talked together a few moments, and she gave up her wicked ways, drank the Water of Life, and ran eagerly to offer testimony to her friends and neighbors. Once there was a Samaritan journeying on the Jericho Road, and he found a man who had been robbed and wounded. Your holy men, your Priests and Levites, had passed by on the other side, leaving the poor man to die. But this Samaritan dressed his wounds and took him to a place of safety. When the disciples first began to preach, they were persecuted and driven out of Jerusalem, but some of them found a warm welcome in Samaria, and many of the Samaritans believed. They deserve their place in the Kingdom before you. Stand back, and let them pass!"

After the Samaritans there marched a solitary figure whose every movement indicated discipline and authority. He was one who knew how to obey and how to command. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular; he had the high forehead, the keen, sharp features and military bearing of aristocracy. All in all, he was a noble figure. But oh! he carried the pagan insignia of hated Rome. The image of an eagle was on his helmet, the figure of a wolf upon his sword hilt. The Pharisees sprang forward with fierce passion.

"Stop him!" they cried. "He is a heathen! He

is carrying images into the Holy Place! God's Kingdom will be defiled!"

"That man," replied the Judge, "is Cornelius. Even before he heard of the Gospel he was honest and upright, a devout man who feared God with all his house, gave much alms to the poor, and built a synagogue for those who desired instruction and opportunity for worship, while you were devouring widow's houses and for a pretence making long prayers. As soon as the Spirit called him, he was obedient, and went to Peter to learn the Way of Salvation in my Name. Wait! he goes before you into the Kingdom."

After him came crowds of Greeks and Romans, and men of other nations—even from far-away Spain. Again the Jewish leaders protested, but the Judge was firm.

"You would not receive my message," he said. "You judged yourselves unworthy of eternal life, and my preachers turned to the Gentiles; the Gentiles gladly received the Word, and the Spirit came upon them and they were healed. Now you must wait while they enter the Kingdom."

While these men who considered themselves the spiritual aristocracy of the world were trying to comprehend the new revelation concerning the Divine standard of religious greatness, they saw approaching a company of men and women whose

presence near the entrance to the Kingdom filled their hearts with wonder, anger, dismay, horror. They threw themselves upon the earth, rent their clothes, and rubbed their faces in the dust.

"Oh! save us! save us from this defilement!" they cried. "These are the Publicans, the men who served, for gain, the pagan Romans, our oppressors; the men who betrayed their own people and sold us to the heathen. And these are the women—their presence would defile a prophet. To name their sin with our lips would destroy our sanctity. Spare us! spare us! O Lord, spare us this last, this most horrible debasement!"

"Remove yourselves from the pathway!" commanded the Judge sternly, almost harshly. "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom before you."

.

The Dreamer wondered, and longed to know what could be the great sin of those Scribes and Pharisees, that they should endure such humiliation. This appeared to be their sins: Self-righteousness, self-satisfaction, overestimate of their own goodness, failure to realize their own unworthiness, lack of appreciation for others' goodness, lack of sympathy for others' faults, unwillingness to see the sinful forgiven, lack of that purity and sweetness of soul that causes the

angels to rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Because of these sins the Publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom before them.

The Dreamer prayed: "O father, if to-day there be such among thy worshipers whom I account my friends, spare me the knowledge. But if there be such faults within my own heart, teach me to know my sin, and bring me to repentance."

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE NAKED SOUL

CHAPTER XVIII

THE NAKED SOUL

The Dreamer saw the sinful millions of men—sinful, for no heart was perfectly clean; yet some were pure—much like the heart of the Master. Some were in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. They were like the troubled sea whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But the greater part of their lives were hidden from human vision. Few of their deeds—much less their thoughts—were known to the eyes of the world. No man could tell how much each brother's sin was inheritance or circumstances or deliberate choice of evil. But God knew. To whom much was given, of him much will be required.

Each man was a unit, a unity. The whole personality of the man was in every part of him, yet each man had a body, and this body would not last forever; it would die, and leave the Spirit to live on and on without the physical. Some sins were sins of the body, like gluttony, drunkenness and licentiousness, that had come through uncontrolled desires of the flesh, sins that are possible only when the body is living. Sins of the spirit are sins that may continue after the body is dead.

These are sins of self-worship, self-exaltation, of putting oneself above the Moral Law, sins which spring from willful determination to trample upon the rights of others, if that is necessary to obtain what is demanded, sins of ambition, hatred, envy, unkindness, lack of sympathy, lack of mercy, and many others.

The Dreamer saw all this vast multitude of the sinful millions of men and women come together in answer to the Great Call. They were a motley multitude: the wise, the weak, the wealthy, the wicked and the weary, the rulers, the leaders, the scholars, the workers, the thinkers, the beggars. As a rule, their dress indicated something of their state and condition in life. Each dressed his part, and looked his part.

The Great Call sounded again, and their clothing was taken from them. The Crown was torn from the king, the judge gave up his robe, my lady's diamonds were snatched away, those that loved beautiful and costly raiment lost their silks, their embroideries, and their jewels. They lost, too, the atmosphere of pride or humility; lost consciousness of power or self-distrust, the odor of sanctity, or the recklessness which characterized some of them during the earthly life; that shell of power, or wisdom, or reputation, or holiness, in

which they were wont to protect themselves and feel themselves protected as in a fortress.

Then in answer to the Last Great Call their bodies fell from them, and each spirit stood undefended and unhidden before the Eyes of God,—and of all other living beings in the Universe. The clothes that had covered their bodies had sometimes been a hindrance to free motion, sometimes a burden to carry, sometimes a medium of contagion that brought wasting disease. But, for the most part, clothes were helpful; they covered deformity, and were a protection from blows and briars and thorns, rain and cold. The Dreamer saw that what the clothing had been to the body, the body had been to the Spirit. It had sometimes been a medium of temptation, a leading and impelling toward destructive sin; but, generally, it had been a protection, a cloak, a veil, to hide the soul from the world, and an armor which received some of earth's buffeting that might otherwise have bruised the Spirit.

When the Last Great Call sounded, all the souls stood naked, unprotected, unconcealed, stripped of all ornament and regalia, stripped of all authority and rank and power, stripped even of this body of flesh,—naked in the eye of God, and of all the world.

No picture of Doom, imagined by poet or

painter, ever equaled the simple thought of a soul naked before God,—and all the Universe.

There were some souls that had within them that sustaining power which comes from the attainment of a Christlike character. But every soul that had not the Christ character within itself shivered in the cold breath of eternity, as an unclothed body shivers in the chill of midnight.

“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and that was told to me;

And this I have thought that another man thought of
a Prince in Muscovy.”

.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,” he said, “and the tale has yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer,—What ha’ ye done?”

—*Kipling.*

THE DREAM ETERNAL

CHAPTER XIX

THE DREAM ETERNAL

This is the Dream of a Poet—not a poet's dream, but a dream concerning a Poet. As seen in the Dream, the Poet stood high above the millions—aye, the billions—of many lands and of successive generations. He could look into the Heart of the human heart, the Soul of the human soul. He could interpret the activities of manly lives, the hopes of aspiring men and women, and their passions, controlled and uncontrolled. He could paint what he saw and what he realized with lines and tints so lifelike that the creatures of his poetic fancy appear, to those that study them, more vivid and more human than the people we meet on the common highway of daily life.

While the Poet lived, his circle of friends was not large. He spent his declining years quietly in the sleepy town of his birth, and was honored by being buried in the village church—not because he was a poet, but because he had been a public-spirited citizen. The visitor in that church still spells out the quaint rhyme cut in that stone over his grave, three hundred years ago—supposed to have been composed by himself. But the literary

critics sneer at the suggestion. One has recently written of it as, "This wretched doggerel over the world's greatest poet." But the wise critic must not forget that endurance and universal interest are the highest tests of literary excellency. Who knows what is written over the grave of Gladstone or Tennyson, of Washington or Lincoln or Emerson? Very few. For every one who knows the epitaph of any other great man there are probably a hundred who know that on the grave of Shakespeare is carved in stone, "Curst be he that moves my bones."

As the fame of this artist grew from generation to generation, and as the people longed more and more to have the dust of their greatest poet placed beside the other honored heroes of English history in Westminster Abbey, the words of his epitaph became a hindrance. The modern mind may not be superstitious, but the thought of a dead man's curse still produces an unpleasant shiver. Finally, it was decided to abandon the hope of moving the body of Shakespeare, and to set up instead a worthy memorial in the Poet's Corner of the "Great Minster Transept."

Then those in authority sought for appropriate words to place above his image. They tried to select something from his many immortal sayings which, in conception and expression, would be fully

worthy of the "Myriad-minded," something which would be, also, universal; something which would make a chord vibrate in the heart of him who read, whatever might be his race, rank, or religion; something which would voice the experience of the collective human soul. Finally, this was selected:

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

.
The Dreamer in his imagination retraced the steps he had taken in earlier life, and stood in the magnificent Abbey, before the Shakespeare Memorial, reading those burning words, again and again. He remembered the wonders of human thought, the magnificence of earthly building, the glory of man's accomplishment; he thought of the fruitful earth, the majestic sun, the attendant planets, the possibilities suggested by the twinkling of the dim and distant stars. Tears fell upon the foot-worn stones beneath as he was told by the myriad-minded Master of poetic thought that all these must dissolve and leave not a rack behind.

In that hour the Dreamer thanked his God that in the archives of memory he had stored the words of Paul the Apostle; words as high above those of the world's greatest secular poet as the stars of heaven are above the wavering, uncertain image of themselves in the water beneath:

"Though our outward man perish
Yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

"While we look not at the things which are seen,
But at the things which are not seen.

"For the things which are seen are temporal;
But the things which are not seen are eternal.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved,
 We have a building of God,
 An house not made with hands,
 Eternal in the heavens."

.
The Dreamer sees the world of Shakespeare's day—the great Globe itself, and all which it inherit, and he sees that the world of to-day is built upon the ruins of the past, and is moving to the same destiny. In the future, as he looks forward, he sees one vast grave, in which are laid already the crumbling ruins of Babylon and Egypt and

Ancient Rome with all their power and wealth and wisdom. And all the glories of earth are being placed there, one by one. Earth's heroes and earth's philosophers and earth's workers and earth's rulers go thitherward. Their memory flits, like a ghostly shadow, around their former homes for a few generations; then memory, too, is buried in the mighty grave. And all they have invented and constructed is put there, by and by. All the beauties of earth must go there; all the barns full of much goods laid up for many years turn to dust; the wealth of ages becomes cankered and moth-eaten, all our machinery broken and rusted. Not only the dungeons built by tyranny, but also hospitals reared by Christlike piety must go down there. And by and by the earth itself and sister stars—for planets die—and the old father Sun—for suns burn out—must be laid in the nameless grave. Above it is no monument. The grave itself is buried.

But look again! Above this entombed oblivion there rises a living form of light and beauty, of glory and majesty! That lofty brow shows marks where once had been a crown of thorns. Those hands that bear the scepter of power are scarred with signs of earthly pain. He is of earth and not of earth. Out of earthly suffering and human sorrow and what the world calls death and burial,

He comes, triumphant, living, eternal! This is the Resurrection. As the Dreamer's eyes become accustomed to the brightness of this Presence, he sees that the Shining One is not alone. Out of the same grave comes He who gave himself and those for whom He was given. "Christ the first fruits, after they that are his at his appearing." And behold! there is a vast multitude which no man can number. This, too, is the Resurrection.

And this Mighty One, He of the wounded hands and pierced side and majestic brow on which appear the marks of earthly thorns, this eternal, living and life-giving One speaks. Listen!

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die.

"Believest thou this?"

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

—*Tennyson.*

NIAGARA BY DREAM LIGHT

CHAPTER XX

NIAGARA BY DREAM LIGHT

We looked and listened, while the passing moon, a figure of an earthly fortune, shone a moment clear; then, fortune-like, it fled behind a cloud, and all was dark around. And then a gentle zephyr touched our cheeks, as balmy, warm and soft as those which fan the orange groves in far-off classic isles. Again a change—a raw and icy breeze blew down the stream; and, with a chill, we drew our cloaks the closer round our shivering forms. Down came the rain, the cold and cruel rain, and drove us to the shelter of a roof. And through it all—light, darkness, warmth and cold and pelting rain—we heard the ceaseless roar and whir and boom of old Niagara.

So has it been for countless ages past, since savage man, or savage beast, first stood, at gaze, before its awful majesty. So will it be for unknown years to come. It changes not, but ever rushes on, a restless, sleepless, heartless, ruthless flood.

We listened, spellbound, till a colder chill than that which comes from ice blocks 'neath the falls

blew o'er my soul; a weight fell on my heart, like many waters falling on the rocks.

I am one drop in Life's Niagara.

The eddy yonder, with its whirl and rush, that is the city where my life is lost. The currents, flowing on, some turning back, they are the nations of the earth; and all, it is the onward rush of Life and Time. I am a single drop borne down the stream; I sink—I rise—what matters it? Lost, lost, in either case. Perchance, like floating mist, I mount and soar above the eager crowd; perchance the light of truth shines through me till I help to form a rainbow, bright and clear—'tis but a moment—I am swept away, I know not where, and never seen again.

But yet this flood, this proud and raging flood, is wholly lost within vast Ocean's depths; and what is ocean to the might of Him whose hand and thought control stars, moon and sun? A drop, a flood, an ocean—'tis the same, the same to Him.

No, it is not the same. A tear drop, glistening on the cheek of Him whose voice in Bethany brought the dead to life, has more of hope, for mankind, sick with sin, is higher, grander, in the sight of God, than all the waters rushing down these steeps, since the first floods whirled o'er the new-made rocks, to seek the bosom of Ontario.

Sublimer yet! Were oceans vaster far than those which span our globe from pole to pole, to pour their floods from heights above the clouds, and were ten thousand suns to light their mists with splendor from on high, the rainbow formed would be as star to sun, compared with that reflected from the tears of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

I am a drop, a single drop, no more; yes, more—a child of God; and when I sink, or when I rise, His eye is watching me, is guarding me with tender, ceaseless care, as though I were my Father's only child.

All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

—*Shakespeare.*

THEOPHANY

CHAPTER XXI

THEOPHANY

Come thou to me, O God, on blessing bent, as thou didst come to greet thy friend of yore; abide—as though a guest 'neath patriarch's tent—within my door.

Come thou! Jehovah! come with words that burn as burned the fiery cloud on Sinai's crest; teach me the good from evil to discern, to choose the best.

Come, still small Voice, and fill the list'ning night; make crowded day less bright than Christ within; Give me a vision! Lead me to thy Light! Free me from sin!

Oh! rescue me! stretch thou to me those hands pierced by the nails of earthly guilt and hate! My soul is snared; break thou the sinful bands, ere 'tis too late.

Thou art my Friend; for thou dost brave the storms to search where I, a wayward wanderer, roam. For me, thy brow is torn with desert thorns;— with Thee is home.

Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see.

—*Elisha.*

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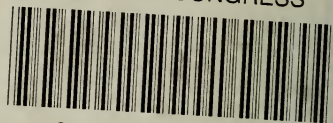
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